

COLLIER'S

WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CURRENT EVENTS

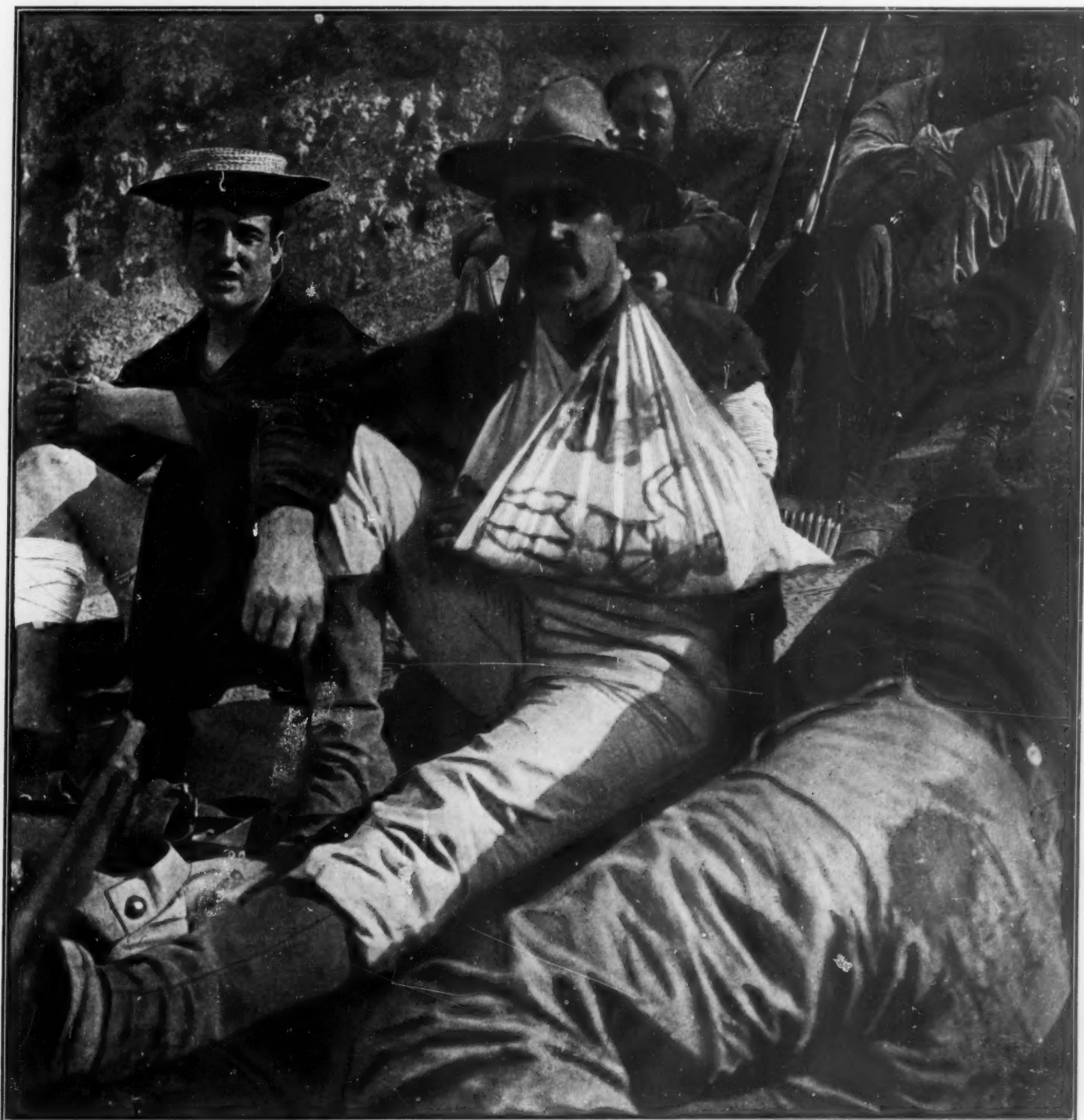
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VOL TWENTY-SIX NO 3

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PRICE TEN CENTS

"IN PEKIN AFTER THE SIEGE"—By Frederick Palmer



"BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER"

WOUNDED AMERICAN SOLDIER AND BRITISH BLUEJACKET WAITING FOR THE SURGEON. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICK PALMER, OUR SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT WITH THE ALLIED ARMIES IN CHINA



COLLIER'S WEEKLY

EDITORIAL PAGE

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WHAT OF THE DEMOCRATIC PREDICTION?

THE REPUBLICANS have no monopoly of optimistic forecasts. Mr. J. G. Johnson, Vice-Chairman of the Democratic National Executive Committee, is one of those mathematicians who believe that statistics can be made to prove anything. His estimate is based, as he assures us, upon the most reliable information from local committees. He has put forth a statement which gives to Mr. Bryan 326 electoral votes, while he concedes to Mr. McKinley only 88. Minnesota, Michigan and New Jersey, which, between them, have 33 votes, are put in the doubtful column, and given to neither aspirant. We consider that Mr. Johnson is quite right in assigning to Mr. Bryan not only the whole of the solid South, with the exception of West Virginia and Delaware, which we consider doubtful, but also Colorado, Montana, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming and Nebraska. We think that Mr. Bryan may possibly carry also Idaho, Kansas and Indiana. If he can, moreover, carry New York—and he certainly has a chance of doing so, if we keep in mind the figures of 1898—he will receive a majority of the electoral votes. It is, in our opinion, a mistake to claim either Iowa, Illinois, Ohio or Wisconsin for Mr. Bryan, though much depends upon the position taken by the German-Americans in two of those States.

IS THE REPUBLICAN FORECAST WELL FOUNDED?

THE HON. JOSEPH H. MANLEY of Maine, a member of the Republican National Committee, asserts that he has gone over the political situation thoroughly, and in view thereof has published an estimate of the States which he expects to see carried by the Republican candidate for the Presidency. He expresses absolute confidence in the accuracy of his estimate, and for that reason pronounces it impossible to defeat the reelection of Mr. McKinley. Let us examine his computation in detail, and see whether it is justified by the returns of 1896 and those of 1898. Mr. Manley begins by conceding to Mr. Bryan 112 electoral votes, those, namely, belonging to Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. In the doubtful column he places 69 electoral votes, those, namely, which pertain to Colorado, Idaho, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, Nebraska and Utah. Now we on our part affirm that it is absolutely certain that Mr. Bryan will carry all these States, with the possible exception of Idaho, Indiana, Kentucky and Nebraska, and his chance of success in those four States is far better than his opponent's. We consider it wiser, therefore, to add these 69 electoral votes to the 112 previously mentioned, thus giving him 181 to start with. Now let us look at the electoral votes which, according to Mr. Manley, are indisputably assured to the Republican candidate. These number 266 in all, being the votes pertaining to California, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming. Of these Kansas, Maryland, South Dakota, West Virginia and Wyoming, mustering 31 votes in all, are certainly in grave doubt. If we added these 31 votes to the 181 which we have already given to Mr. Bryan, he would have 212, or only two votes short of the number necessary to elect. These lacking votes would of course be more than made up, if he carried either North Dakota (3 votes), Delaware (3 votes), or Washington (4 votes), and his success in any of these States is by no means impossible, though, in view of the returns for 1898, we cannot term it probable. Thus far we have left New York, with her 36 electoral votes, out of the question, and yet if we compare the returns for 1898 with those for 1896, we must recognize that the chance of a Bryan victory in the Empire commonwealth cannot be described as desperate. Mr. McKinley had a plurality of 268,000 in the State of New York four years ago, yet in 1898, although the Republicans put forward their strongest candidate, Colonel Roosevelt, the plurality was cut down to less than 18,000. That is to say, a change of less than 9,000 votes from one side to the other would have elected the Democratic nominee. It is the opinion of close observers of that contest that the mistake made by Mr. Croker in the last stage of the campaign through his refusal to renominate Judge Daly cost the Democratic candidate for Governor more than 10,000 votes. It is improbable that any such mistakes will be made this year, in which event it is not impossible that Mr. Croker may be able to give the Democratic candidate for President 80,000 majority in the so-called Greater New York. There is no reason to believe that in the rest of the State the Republicans could overcome that majority. Mr. Manley, therefore, is not justified on the face of statistics in putting forth the optimistic prediction which credits Mr. McKinley with 266 electoral votes. While, then,

we repeat that it is difficult to figure out a triumph for Mr. Bryan on the face of past returns, we deem it probable that he will receive a larger number of electoral votes than he obtained four years ago.

Suppose our prophecy be fulfilled, what is to shake Mr. Bryan's control of the Democratic organization? He is still a young man with very many years of activity before him. He has received by far the largest number of votes ever gained from the people by a Democratic candidate. He will have done this twice, for there is ground for believing that the number of votes cast for him this year will exceed those which he secured four years ago. His present mastery of the party machinery was conclusively demonstrated at Kansas City. How is he to be deprived of it? Even were he to remain in private life he would be the most conspicuous figure in his party, but, as a matter of fact, it is probable that Nebraska will send him to the United States Senate, where he will be continually in the public eye. It may be said that historical precedents render it unlikely that a man twice defeated in a Presidential contest could retain a large measure of influence. Henry Clay was thrice defeated as a candidate for the Presidency, namely, in 1824, 1832 and 1844. Nevertheless, he was the most prominent candidate for a fourth nomination when the Whig Convention met in 1848, and when, through an intrigue of Thurlow Weed's, the prize went to General Zachary Taylor. Martin Van Buren was defeated as a candidate for the Presidency in 1840, and, although in the Democratic National Convention of 1844 he had a majority of the delegates, he was rejected by that body through the application of the two-thirds rule. He was again a candidate in 1848, and had he been nominated, there is no doubt that the Democracy would have been successful in that year. As it was, he retained such influence in the State of New York that, having accepted the nomination of the Free Soil party, he gave the Empire Commonwealth to the Whig candidate, and thus elected him to the Presidency. Those conservative Democrats who count upon shelving Mr. Bryan in case he is defeated in the present contest remind us of those Whigs who, year after year, counted mistakenly upon shelving Henry Clay, and of those Democrats who, to their own discomfiture, succeeded in shelving Martin Van Buren. They do not perceive that, should they refuse a nomination to Mr. Bryan in 1904, he would undoubtedly accept one from the Populists, and would cast so large a vote that the Republican candidate would have a walkover. No, we may assure our readers, whether Republicans or Democrats, that, whatever be the outcome of the election in November next, they have by no means seen the last of William Jennings Bryan. He is here to stay.

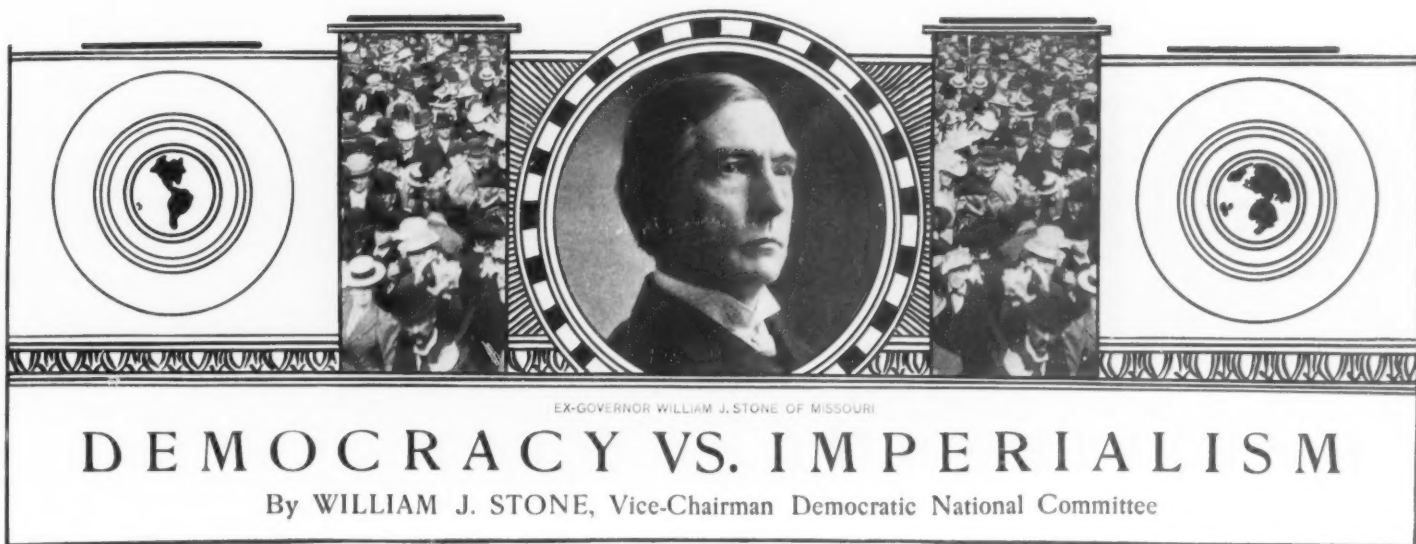
THE OUTLOOK IN CHINA

AT THE HOUR when we write, the most important incident bearing on the situation in the Far East is the memorandum submitted by Germany to the other treaty powers. The document embodies the view taken by the Berlin Government of the position assumed by the Chinese imperial authorities with reference to the punishment of the instigators of the "Boxer" outrages. That position was outlined in a cablegram sent by Director-General Sheng from Shanghai to the effect that on September 25 an imperial edict had degraded four princes of the Manchu reigning family from their hereditary rank, and had not only deprived Prince Tuan of all his offices and emoluments, but handed him over for punishment to the Imperial Clan Court, a tribunal which has jurisdiction over all members of the dynasty. The edict also ordered the trial of many other high officials who have been hitherto conspicuous among the leaders of the anti-foreign party. Are these punishments to be serious and permanent or transient and illusory? That is the question which is raised in a German memorandum, and which deserves to be carefully examined by those who appreciate the necessity of teaching China once for all to fulfil treaty obligations. The German note begins with the suggestion that the treaty powers should instruct their representatives at Peking to answer certain questions, to wit—First: Is the list of delinquents contained in the edict issued nominally by the Emperor Kwang-Su, but really by the Empress Regent, correct? Secondly: Are the punishments either inflicted or proposed commensurate with the gravity of the crimes committed? Thirdly: In what manner, if any, is the execution of these punishments to be controlled by the treaty powers? It is obvious that every one of these interrogatories is pertinent if the reparation to be made by China for the indignities and injuries which the powers have suffered is not to be derisory. We have no doubt that the importance of the queries mooted by the Berlin Foreign Office will be recognized by all the treaty powers, especially as our State Department, which, perhaps, was least likely to act in accordance with the German Government, has instructed Mr. Conger, our Minister at Peking, to propound them to the Chinese imperial authorities, or, in simpler words,

to the Empress Regent. Our Secretary of State has explicitly instructed his representative in China to report whether the edict issued in the name of the Emperor Kwang-Su specifies all the persons deserving chastisement and whether the punishment proposed corresponds to the heinousness of the crimes committed. Our Minister is also directed to ascertain in what manner the United States and the other powers are to be assured that satisfactory punishment is inflicted.

While the German proposal is one that our State Department is able to accept, this is not altogether the case with a note submitted by the French Foreign Office, and of which, as we are informed, the Russian Government approves. This document suggests that we should insist, not only upon the punishment of the anti-foreign agitators and the maintenance of Legation guards at Peking—two demands which we must necessarily press—but also upon the prohibition of the importation into China of munitions of war, upon the razing of the forts between Peking and the sea, upon the payment of pecuniary indemnities to the powers, upon free communication between Peking and the seaboard, and upon guarantees from the Chinese Government that there shall not be a renewal of the anti-foreign outbreak. It is obvious that, if we desire to "save the face" of the Manchu dynasty, and strengthen rather than weaken its power of maintaining order among its subjects, we cannot insist upon the razing of the forts between Peking and the sea. No self-respecting government would assent to such a demand, which would leave it at the mercy of its maritime enemies, especially of Russia and Japan. As for communication between Peking and the seaboard, that, of course, like communication between Paris and the Havre, will be free while the country is at peace and obstructed when it is at war. Now, for guarantees that there shall not be a renewal of the anti-foreign outbreak, those, manifestly, must be either moral or material. If material, they must take one of two forms: Either China must be dismembered or it must be reduced to the condition of Egypt. Against either of those proceedings all of the powers have declared themselves, although Germany is less distinctly committed than the others. There are left, then, only moral guarantees; that is to say, promises such as are already embodied in treaties and worth no more than these have proved to be. The real moral guarantee is the lesson which, with unexpected promptness and severity, the treaty powers have administered. The effect of that lesson, if we may judge from the precedent afforded by the capture of Peking in 1860, will last about forty years. With regard to the suggested prohibition of the importation of munitions of war into China, this is glaringly impracticable. The prohibition could not be enforced unless the powers assumed control not only of the treaty ports and the innumerable non-treaty ports, but also of the whole land frontier of the Middle Kingdom. This is a counsel of perfection which may be at once dismissed. Moreover, those who offer it forget that it would be cheaper for China to import the men who know how to make guns than to import the guns themselves.

Of the many proposals made by France the one which is certain to give most trouble now and hereafter is that relating to the payment of a pecuniary indemnity by China to the treaty powers for the indignities and injuries suffered and the expenditures incurred. If the powers seriously intend to require a complete reimbursement for their outlay, they might as well proceed at once to the dismemberment of the Middle Kingdom. China, as at present organized—and all the powers pretend to desire to preserve intact the present organization—could not possibly provide a large aggregate indemnity. Yet, if any indemnity at all is demanded, it promises to be excessive. Thus Italy, whose part in the relief of the Legations may be described as negligible, has declared through her Finance Minister that she ought to receive about \$8,000,000, and the Vatican, which, of course, did nothing, demands a larger sum by way of compensation for the destruction of Catholic missions. If these two cases may fairly be cited as examples, and if the sums payable are to be proportioned to the amounts disbursed for military and naval demonstrations, the aggregate of the indemnities exacted will exceed \$600,000,000. It is simply impossible for China to pay that amount of money or any considerable fraction of it. Nearly the whole of her revenue from customs duties at the treaty ports, a revenue which is collected under the supervision of Sir Robert Hart, is already pledged for the payment of interest on the loans contracted in connection with the war against Japan. As for the other taxes, including conspicuously the *li-kin*, or inland transit dues, most of their proceeds are required for local purposes, and but a small fraction thereof ever leaks through the mandarins to the Court at Peking. Unless, therefore, the treaty powers wish themselves to undertake the collection of taxes throughout the Middle Kingdom—a perfectly impracticable scheme—they must abandon the idea of getting more than a few million dollars out of China in the way of indemnity. You cannot draw blood out of a stone.



THE CRISIS OF '98

WHEN a great national crisis arose in 1898 all good citizens renewed their pledge of allegiance to the government. Democrats and Republicans alike rallied to the defence of the flag. It was after defeat had been administered to the foreign foe that it became apparent that a great, though unexpected, danger from within threatened the life of the Republic. The cherished doctrines and teachings of our fathers were thrust aside, and the nation was started upon a course which if consistently followed could only end in disaster. Other issues were dwarfed by the new one, which came into existence when men who best loved their country declared that the new Republican policy of Imperialism must be resisted and overthrown.

Imperialism, as it is understood at this time, is simply the President's scheme of conquest in the East. It is the Philippine question under this designation, and when we discuss the Philippine question in its present aspects we discuss Imperialism.

In my opinion there are two viewpoints, wholly different, which one may take in a discussion of this sort. There is the viewpoint of the Filipino and there is the viewpoint of the American. Selfishly speaking, it is not so much the former position as the latter which interests us. The first relates to the welfare of those human beings who live in the Philippine Islands; the other relates directly to our own well-being.

I do not think that the Filipinos have been treated justly by our government. It is a fact, well known to all, that those people were in arms against the Spanish government almost constantly for many years before the war between Spain and the United States. They were in insurrection, fighting for their independence, when we declared war against Spain. We recognized them, welcomed them, received their aid, and co-operated with them. Our forces and their forces acted as allies. Their cooperation was such as to establish in all good faith between the United States government and the de facto government of the Filipinos an alliance, implied at least, if it was not formally made.

TOUCHING THE MATTER OF THE PHILIPPINES

Indisputable records now in Washington, and which should be open to public inspection, give proof that during the progress of the war the United States recognized the troops under the command of Aguinaldo as allies. These records are in the form of reports made by our officers in Luzon to the government in Washington. Our navy had the Spaniards at Manila hemmed in from the water side, while the native Filipino troops had them hemmed in from the land side. After our troops were landed, their officers and the officers of the Filipino army consulted almost daily, and the two forces co-operated. There can be no doubt that the Filipinos implicitly believed that the government at Washington would recognize and grant that independence which they had so long been fighting for as soon as the common enemy had been vanquished. The very character of our government, our constitution and history all served to strengthen the confidence of those who represented the Filipinos; and their faith was confirmed by the conduct and assurances of our representatives, both civil and military. They were certainly justified in the belief that we had no selfish interests to conserve.

I have heard much about who precipitated the conflict. It does not appear to me to be of great importance who fired the first shot. After the fall of Manila and the success of our arms, this people in the Far East began to ask for that recognition of their independence which they believed had been promised to them. What happened after that is obscured by the stories that have been related by many different persons. The tension was so great that a clash of arms was inevitable unless we acted in that spirit which we had exhibited when we desired the co-operation of the Filipinos. From what I have learned there is no reason for doubting that the Americans fired the first shot, although it is probable that when they did so they believed that an aggressive movement was being made against them by the troops under the command of Aguinaldo.

LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE FOR THE FILIPINOS

It matters little, however, just who fired the first shot, or just how an open conflict was precipitated. It was inevitable if we attempted to hold sovereignty over the islands. It is undoubtedly true that the Filipinos believe they are fighting for liberty and independence; and beyond doubt that is what they are fighting for. If they are not fighting for that, then what are they fighting for? I believe, and every one else must believe, that under American control they would be far better governed than they were under Spain, or than they would be under any other monarchical rule; but that does not satisfy

them. They are opposed to foreign rule of any kind; they want home rule and independence. Do they merit our condemnation for loving liberty and for aspiring to national independence? Have we so fallen that we condemn others for striving to enjoy those high privileges of which we are so justly proud and which we prize as our own most precious heritage? Are we so inflated with pride and so deluded by the lust of power that we would snatch the flower of liberty from other hands and trample it beneath our feet? The thought of it is pitiful and humiliating.

But there is another view of this question—the purely American view. As an American I do not hesitate to say that I would oppose the annexation of the Philippine Islands, even though the entire population of the islands should desire to be annexed. I would oppose annexation with their consent as earnestly as I oppose it when attempted against their consent. I am opposed to the annexation of any large area of territory which is not susceptible of being formed into States of the Union; and I am opposed to taking into our political home a people whom we cannot safely dignify with American citizenship. We want neither dependencies nor subjects.

DEMOCRATIC TERRITORIAL EXPANSION

I am not opposed to territorial expansion within certain limitations. It depends on where the territory is and the purpose to which it is to be devoted. I am opposed to extending our territorial possessions into the Eastern Hemisphere. I would not interfere with the republics to the south of us, except to aid them. It has been our mission to assist them in preserving their integrity and may be again; it certainly is not our mission to absorb them. I would be glad to have the British possessions in North America added to the United States. I hope that the time will come when, by honorable means and the consent of all, the fortunes of Canada and the United States shall be linked together; but I am opposed to going six thousand miles across the Pacific Ocean to absorb an Oriental people whose whole civilization is as different from ours as day is from night. But that is just what the Administration is proposing to do. They propose to add to our population ten million human beings whom even those who advocate this policy admit we cannot make citizens of, but must be held as our subjects. We cannot make States of their territory. If we hold it as our own we must hold it as a vassal dependency, to be ruled or governed from Washington. I do not believe our government has the constitutional right to establish colonies. Such a thing was never contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, and I do not believe it is permissible under it. The situation is full of the gravest danger to our institutions.

The issue here raised the Kansas City platform declares to be the paramount issue of this campaign. It is idle to assert that the issue which is paramount in one campaign must remain so in the next. The political battle which was successfully fought by the Democrats in 1892 was followed four years later by a campaign along lines entirely new. We were then defeated because of public misconceptions. Conditions have changed since 1896, and new questions have come to the front. The issue of Imperialism is greater than all others, because it involves the life of the Republic.

A REPUBLIC CAN HAVE NO SUBJECTS

It has been said, and truly, that if the Filipino is to be under our domination, he must be either a citizen or a subject. If he is to be a citizen, it must be with a view to participating ultimately in our government, and in the making of our laws. This idea is not only made inoperative by the McNary resolution, but it is openly repudiated by every Republican leader who has discussed the subject. If the Filipino is to be a subject, our form of government must be entirely changed, for a republic can have no subjects. An imperial policy nullifies every principle set forth in the Declaration of Independence.

The advocates of an imperial policy declare that the Filipinos are incapable of self-government. It might be a sufficient answer to quote the resolution of Congress declaring that "the Cubans are, and of right ought to be free," and the report made by Admiral Dewey declaring that the Filipinos are far more capable of self-government than the Cubans.

One of the great objections to Imperialism is that it destroys our proud pre-eminence among the nations. When the doctrine of self-government is abandoned, the United States will cease to be a moral factor in the world's progress. While the Republican party has been evading a direct issue and trying to unload its mistakes upon Providence, the Democrats have urged a plain and simple remedy—that we treat the Filipinos as we have promised to treat the Cubans.

THE EMPIRE OF THE FAR EAST

It would be impossible to turn from the Philippines, and the questions there involved, without reference to the affairs of China. For more than four months the attention of the world has been turned to the empire of the Far East, and there can be no doubt that it is the intention of the rulers of the West to profit at the expense of China. It is a far more difficult matter to determine what influences have been brought to bear upon the government in Washington. The present administration evidently prides itself upon the manner in which it has handled this Chinese problem, and yet after a careful analysis it is impossible for one possessed of old-time American principles to find aught in the situation which is to him pleasing.

While the Christians who have lived in China have undoubtedly been confronted by grave dangers to themselves, the history of this miserable tragedy excites a well-grounded suspicion that the crisis in Peking was brought about by a conspiracy which did not find its origin among the Chinese. I have no intention of charging the McKinley Administration with being directly interested in this conspiracy, but it must be evident to close students that the present government has, at the best, been made a cat's paw of by the European diplomats.

Because of the danger signal which has been raised by the Democrats in making Imperialism a paramount issue in this campaign, President McKinley did not dare to take a stand in China which might be interpreted as a bid for control over Chinese territory. Had the quarrel between the civilization of the East and the civilization of the West been brought about a year later, and had the present Administration been continued in power, who doubts that the American position would be vastly different from that which now has been assumed? The McKinley Administration stands for Imperialism in the Philippines and in China, in Porto Rico, and if possible, in Cuba.

So often, that it has grown to be an old story, has it been said that American troops are to be withdrawn from Chinese territory, and while apparent preparation for that movement is being made, the American fleet in Eastern waters is being increased. If the dismemberment of the Chinese Empire is to be brought about, it is sincerely to be hoped that the United States will have no part in it. And yet so closely allied are the problems which must be worked out in the Philippine Islands, and those now presented in China, that it must be frankly admitted that if we are to retain control over the Philippines and make dependencies of those islands it will be necessary for us in self-defence to maintain a position in China which is equal to that asserted by any European power. If we are to go into the business of establishing colonies, why halt at the Philippines? Why not take advantage of our opportunities and make the most of them?

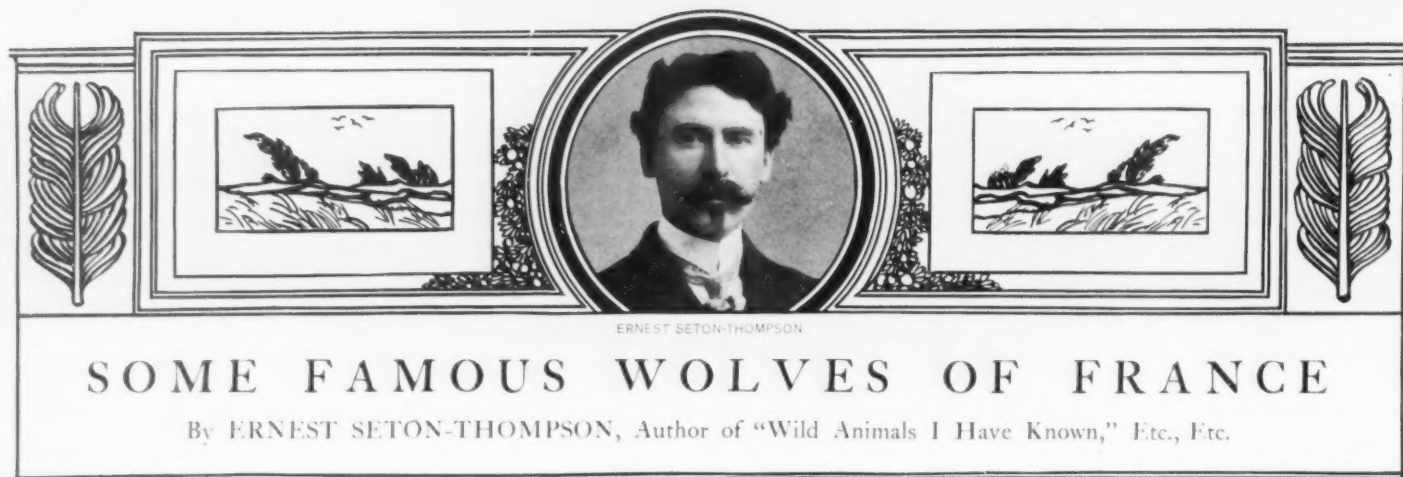
IMPERIALISM ALWAYS THE SAME

Imperialism is Imperialism wherever it may be found. The United States must return to those doctrines and principles which were adopted by the men who founded it, or it must accept that world-wide policy which has been adopted by the British Empire. Imperialism and Republicanism can never be made synonymous. This principle has been so often laid down by the candidate for the presidency on the Democratic ticket, William J. Bryan, that it may be said to be a watchword of the present campaign.

In advancing these arguments I have no intention of maintaining that the civilization of the East is superior to, or the equal of, the Western civilization. The races of the East and the races of the West are not to be compared. The former are to-day living that life which they knew twenty or thirty centuries ago. How futile must be the attempt to reform them and to reorganize their government in an offhand manner, simply to suit the will of Western governments.

I do not believe that the people of China will be benefited by the introduction of Christianity at the point of the sword; neither do I believe that the people of Europe and the United States will be benefited by the effort to force their methods upon the East. To us it means just one thing: A radical change in our system of government. Are we to rule ourselves according to our own standards? or are we to accept for ourselves the standards of monarchical governments, and then to assist in the attempt to force those standards upon a strange people with whom we have nothing in common?

This question is to be answered on Election Day. It will be McKinley, Roosevelt and Imperialism, or it will be Bryan, Stevenson and the Democracy of our fathers. This is the issue which was made paramount by the Kansas City Platform, and as I said in the opening paragraph of this article, it was inevitable that Imperialism should be made the paramount issue of this campaign. The history of the last four years, I repeat, has made it impossible that it should be otherwise.



SOME FAMOUS WOLVES OF FRANCE

By ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON, Author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," Etc., Etc.

MEX DO NOT make heroes of their enemies. The Russians saw nothing heroic in Napoleon's march to Moscow, any more than the French saw heroism in Wellington, or the British in Washington. Our hero must be on our side, otherwise he is a villain, a mere desperado.

In the long, long fight between men and the beasts that has gone on since man existed, we proudly name the human heroes, but are seldom broad enough to recognize the great achievements of those that fought against us.

Hercules is extolled as immortal, but no man sings the praises of the Nemean Lion, the Erymanthian Boar, or the Cretan Wild Bull that he slew; and yet we know that from the animal's point of view each of these fierce creatures was a wonderful hero, with a long record of thrilling achievements on his side of the fight.

A diagram may fairly show the relative heroism of the Nemean Lion, for example, and his human foes.



J to C represent the various hunters who came to fight the lion and fell. B, a little better than the best of them, is the lion. Then came A, just a trifle taller still—that stands for Hercules.

History abounds in allusions to wonderful wild animals; some more or less mythical, no doubt; but there are numbers whose historic lives are beyond question.

In France the chronicles of human achievement are picturesquely varied by the doings of unusual wolves. As late as the eighteenth century the wolves there were very numerous, and exceptional individuals frequently occupied the public mind.

The Mad Wolf of Verdun (1763), that seemed to know no fear; the Great Wolf of Soissons (about 1763), that devastated whole parishes; the She Wolf of Montcastré (1774), with her litter of halfbred greyhound pups, and the Giant Wolf of Gevaudan (1765), were all too well known in their day. And even in the nineteenth century the Twin Wolves of Varzy (1801), and the mad She-Wolf of Cornouailles (1851), slew many scores of human beings. But Courtant of Paris and the Wolf of Gevaudan were the most famous of them all.

The Wolf of Gevaudan, according to Baron de Couteux, first began to attract notice in June, 1764, when he devoured several peasants near the Forest of Mergosa. He soon made such havoc that the States of Languedoc set a price of 2,400 livres on his head, and special days of prayer for deliverance from this pest were appointed by the Bishop. But the wolf continued his ravages, devouring men, women and children, in spite of guns and prayers.

He ranged each month on more territory until finally whole provinces were in dread of this insatiable monster. King Louis XV. at length heard the cry from Auvergne, and added 6,000 livres to the price already on the head of the Gevaudan wolf. On the 7th of March, 1765, all the hunters in the region united in a gigantic surround to rid themselves of this beast, but he was as cunning as a fox and eluded them completely.

Again and again he baffled the most skilful wolf hunters of France until at last the whole nation was aroused. The King

sent all his own wolfhounds and a small army of picked men; the Prince of Condé, the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Penthièvre joined in with the best they could contribute in men and dogs. This great and composite host arrived at Gevaudan in August, 1765, and after over a month's hard work, during which the wolf outwitted them continually, they managed to surround him. Although shut up thus in a wood, it was little more than an accident that ended his fierce career, September 20, 1765.

He stood 35 inches high at the shoulder and weighed 165 pounds. He had killed about one hundred persons that were known; he had ravaged whole provinces, and it cost the government about 30,000 livres to compass his destruction.

beef. This was the circumstance that first determined his bent. Thenceforth Courtant was a man-eater.

The history of the times is full of his exploits. His cunning, his strength, his courage and his ferocity were all set forth and made the subject of daily gossip and strange tales, as much as the doings of Jesse James or Antonio Maceo in our own day. He seemed to bear a charmed life, and was afraid of nothing short of an army. Exaggerated tales were told of his wholesale slaughter of men, women and children, as though the simple truth were not bad enough. At least fourteen persons were devoured in what is now the heart of Paris, and this, we are told, was not in the depths of winter, but in the last week of September, among the vineyards and

marshes; and wherever he went in the surrounding region his progress was marked with human blood.

He was believed to be a *loup-garou* of the most fiendish type, and strong men, who had no fear of death in battle, preferred to remain indoors when the terrible Courtant was about.

Those who ventured abroad into the fields even in daylight had to be prepared at any time to fight or fly for their lives, and the name of the great wolf became a byword among the people. The last farewell to those who left the city gates was commonly—"Look out for Courtant," or, "See that Courtant does not get you."

But the crowning exploit of his life was the siege of Paris. The city was practically shut up for a time in the winter of 1438-39 because Courtant and his band held possession of all the approaches. In the early part of the winter—that is, probably the beginning of the siege—we are told that some of the wolf band actually succeeded in entering the city by way of the river gate; that they killed a number of dogs and devoured a child in the Place aux Chais.

On the 16th of December they appeared suddenly in an unexpected quarter outside the walls and killed four women. The Friday following, they were active all about Paris, tearing some seventeen persons, of whom eleven died from the wounds.

But in all of these accounts of wolf ravages we are told ("Journal d'un

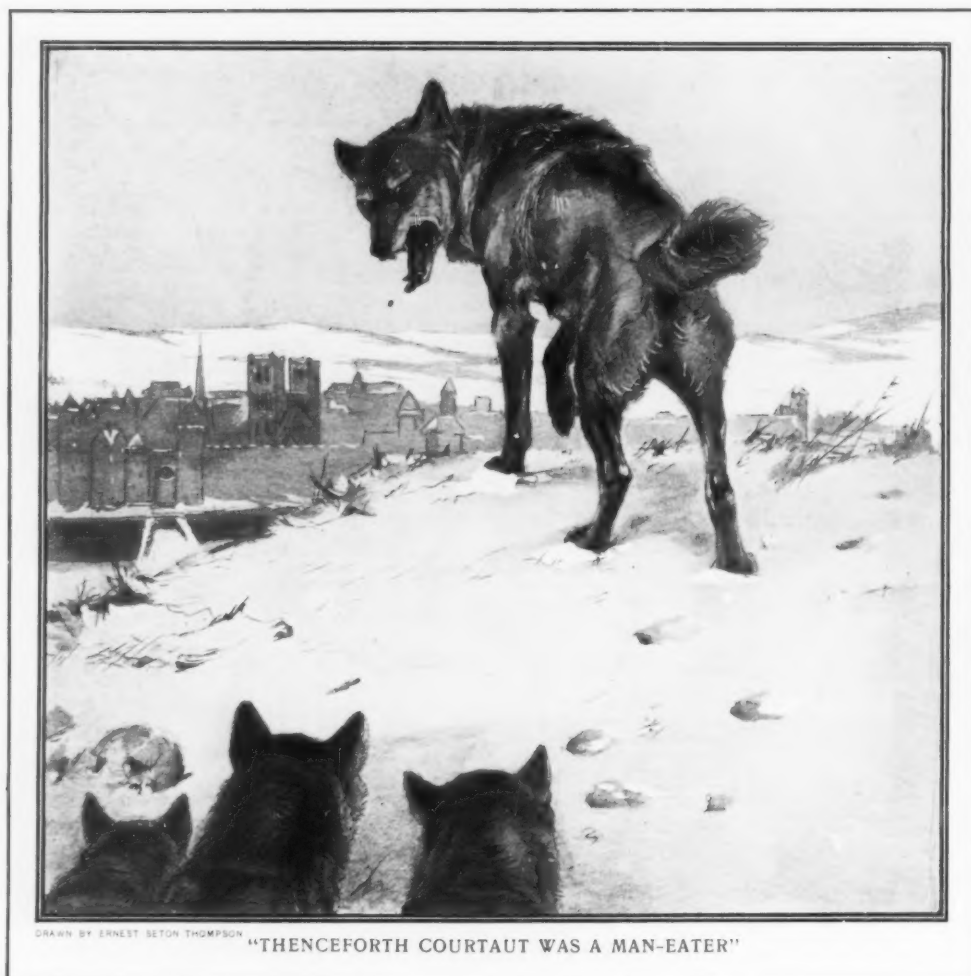
Bourgeois de Paris," 1408-49) that Courtant was credited with more destruction than all the rest of the wolves put together.

But at length the citizens became thoroughly aroused. On eve of St. Martin's, 1439, all the best and bravest of their hunters united in a grand hunt, after the fashion that Clamorgan describes and pictures. And Courtant, surrounded by a host of dogs and armed men, died as he had lived, in bold, unyielding, desperate fight with man.

His downfall was the occasion for a public rejoicing. The Bourgeois historian gives us a quaint picture of the carnival in which they celebrated the happy deliverance: "All sorts of people felt that they must celebrate in all sorts of ways—eating, drinking, or anything else that would express their joy."

The body of the great wolf, with his throat cut wide open, was paraded on a handcart throughout the city, and "all the world" went to see with his own eyes that Courtant, "the terrible and horrible"—Courtant, the scourge of Paris, really at last was dead.

It was generations before men ceased to speak with hate and fear of this dreaded animal. He was a monster, a fiend, a *loup-garou*; but if we had been on his side of the open war with mankind we should have seen in him a tremendous hero, wonderful in gift and achievement.



"THENCEFORTH COURTAUT WAS A MAN-EATER"

There is but one wolf in the annals of France more famous than that of Gevaudan, and this was Courtant, who terrorized the valley of the Upper Seine in the early part of the fifteenth century.

Every history of France that treats of the condition of the people then has something to say about Courtant. These were eventful times, the times of Charles VII. and Jeanne d'Arc. The historians had ample material to crowd their pages with the doings of man, but yet they found time and need to tell the history of this wonderful wolf.

In making record of a wild animal's life a great difficulty is to identify the individual; but Courtant was easily known again by his great size and his tail stump, for he was a bob-tailed wolf, whence his name.

Courtant lived chiefly in the wooded environs of Paris; and, assisted at times by a band of his own kind, he lived and thrived by tribute levied on the flocks and herds that were being driven to the city markets.

During one of these raids the herdsmen resisted the onslaught of the great wolf. Whereupon he left the frightened, flying cattle and fell upon their foolhardy drivers. Then, as he tore their bodies in a spirit of savage destruction, he made the discovery that man meat was very good—really better than



THE VESPER CREW OF PHILADELPHIA, WINNER OF THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP

HANLAN
COACH OF COLUMBIAKENNEDY
CAPTAIN YALE LAUNCHDONOVAN
COACH OF WELDVAIL
COACH OF NEWELLH. BANCROFT
HARVARD VARSITYW. A. BANCROFT
FORMER HARVARD COACH

DAVIS AND WARD IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP DOUBLES

M. D. WHITMAN
NATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONW. A. LARNED
WINNER OF THE ALL OARSGEORGE L. WRENN
CONTESTANTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIPBEALS C. WRIGHT
CONTESTANTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIPA. W. GORE
TWO ENGLISH TENNIS CHALLENGERSE. D. BLACK
TWO ENGLISH TENNIS CHALLENGERSLONG, CHAMPION OF QUARTER MILE
ON CIRCULAR TRACK

SHELDON PUTTING THE SHOT



PRINSTEIN, SYRACUSE, BROAD-JUMPER

KRAENZLEIN, U. OF P., HURDLER AND
BROAD-JUMPER

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

Edited by
WALTER CAMPYALE-
HARVARD
RACE

WHEN Yale and Harvard lined up for the start of their 'varsity' race at New London, both eights knew that they were going into the fight of their lives, that there would be no mercy or respite for either crew at least for the first two miles, and then only for the one who had succeeded in securing a manifest lead. Each crew knew enough of the other's times to see that there was no great discrepancy and that the fastest half mile of the lot had been rowed by Harvard only a few days before. When therefore they started out upon their killing journey, each man in each shell knew that the time of his trial had arrived. Think then of the feelings of those sixteen men as they went shooting by the first mile flags actually locked—not a hair's-breadth to choose between the two boats. Then came Yale, and for a mile the blue oarsmen stretched out a lead until it was a length. Then Harvard set out to regain that lead, and in another mile the crimson oars had pushed the nose of their boat to the front by almost the same distance. Then entering the fourth and last mile Yale reached out a little further, put on a little more pressure and went creeping, stealing up along the side of

Harvard, recovering foot by foot the lost space. Then Harvard tried again, and three-quarters of a mile from home the plucky Harding, who had taken Hugginson's place at stroke, put in his ear for the last dying effort, and in another moment he fell forward completely collapsed, while Yale rowed on to easy victory. That is the whole story of a race where two crews fought for the mastery until human nature asserted itself and settled the issue without question of stroke or skill.

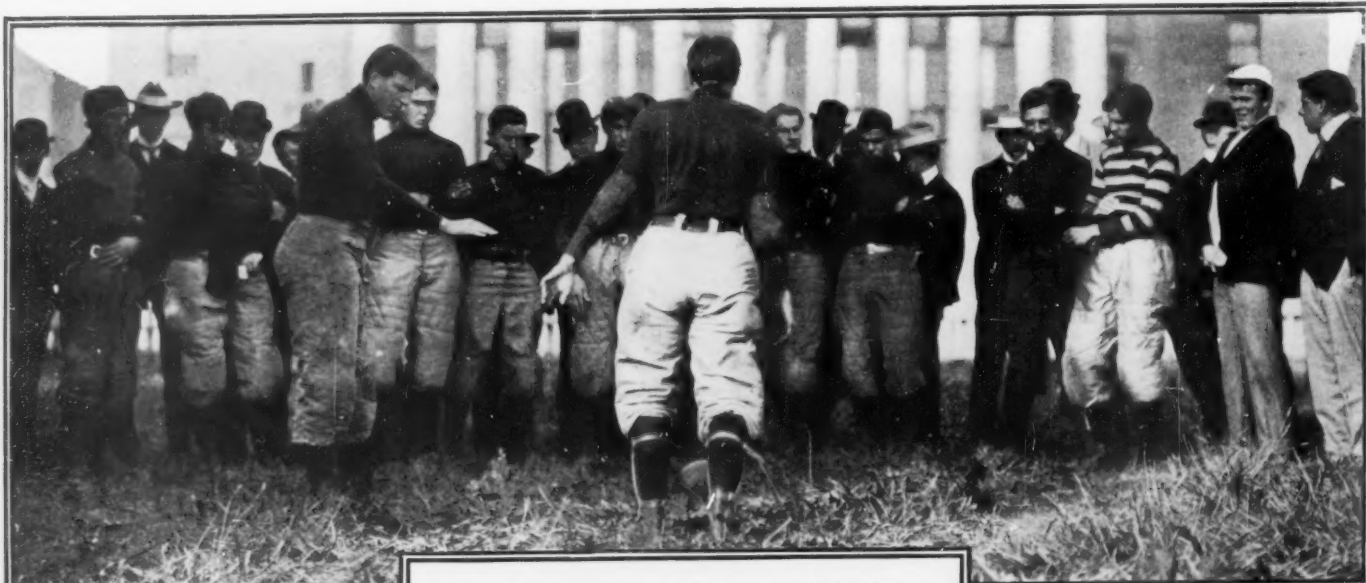
Of all the sports, rowing this year has exhibited the most marked development in the line of interest and skill. Not only did the American crew—the Vespers—win decisively at the Paris Exposition, but there were more and better crews on our rivers than for many years past, both in the amateur and in the college ranks.

Professional coaching in rowing has been almost universally adopted this year, Ellis Ward being the coach for the University of Pennsylvania, Andrew O'Dea of the Wisconsin crew, Ed. Hanlan of the Columbia crew, Charles Courtney of the Cornell crew, while such men as Kennedy, the captain of the Yale launch at New Haven, and Vail and Donovan, coaches of the Weld and Newell boat clubs of Cambridge, have been especially instrumental in molding new material and teaching it the elements of watermanship.

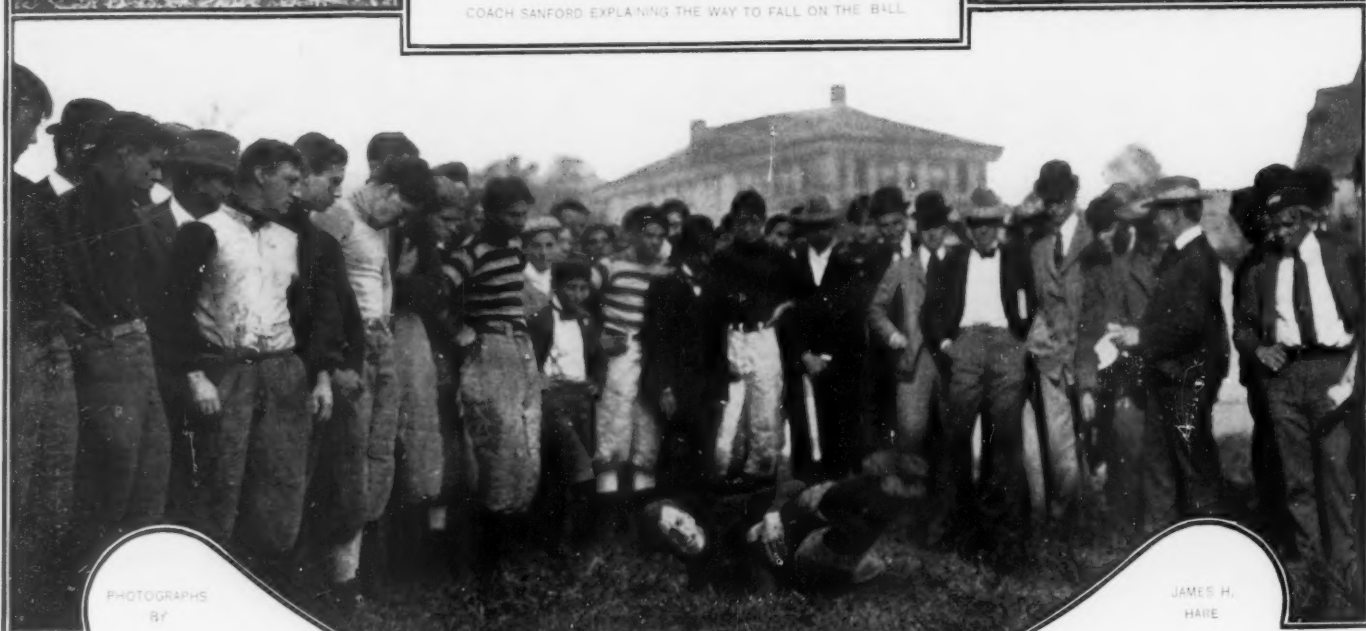
An English expert who has been writing on rowing matters for some years made special arrangements to go to Poughkeepsie and follow the crews before the race, criticiz-

ing their strokes and making some predictions as to the outcome. He selected Cornell's crew as the likely winner of the 'varsity' race. He described these as the remarkably good features of Cornell's rowing: First, a long body-swing; second, a powerful and simultaneous leg-drive; and third, not a quarter of an inch of the beginning of the stroke being missed by a single man in the boat. Their boat perfectly rigged and carrying the men to perfection. He spoke also of the excellence of the stroke in which the slides were held until the bodies almost reached the perpendicular and then the legs being driven in and the perfect and marked catch of this year's crew as among the best that Courtney has ever turned out. Finally, that the men were trained to the hour, and that every man could stay the course beyond doubt. That crew he mentioned particularly as rowing in accordance with correct principles, and said that if the Harvard 'varsity' crew could control their slides the way the Cornell men do the two would be rowing exactly the same; that a race between them would be worth going miles to see. Finally, in concluding his estimate of Cornell's superiority, he said: "Why should I be so positive in my opinion that this crew will win? Because it is incomparably better and faster than last year's crew and the stroke is correct. That Cornell is fully a half minute faster this year than last."

In commenting upon Wisconsin, he said that the men were together as regarded blade work, but rather uneven in their body or inboard work. That the crew was not pretty to look at nor its watermanship as good as Cornell's. That the



COACH SANFORD EXPLAINING THE WAY TO FALL ON THE BALL.

PHOTOGRAPHS
BYJAMES H.
HAIR

COACH SANFORD—

—FALLING ON THE BALL

FOOTBALL PRACTICE AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE

men looked trained a bit too fine. That while catching the water well and rowing the stroke out, they had a tendency to row too much with their arms. That the boat did not ride on as even a keel as Cornell's, and, while at a distance the eight men seemed to swing in good time, at close quarters they appeared a little uneven and their boat checked rather more between strokes than Cornell's.

In commenting upon Pennsylvania he placed them third in the 'varsity' race, saying that they were rowing a very different stroke from Cornell, one feature of it seeming radically wrong; namely, that the men swung pretty far forward, but did not catch the water at once, seeming to row light or in the air at first, and only to get a firm grip of the water as the blade neared a right angle. That the arms were used more than is correct, the oar-handle being tugged home. He said that for those who believed in the long body swing the present season contains the comforting fact that this feature has been adopted by all the colleges with the exception of Pennsylvania. That in this respect there are only two strokes in use in college rowing. One is this stroke of Pennsylvania's and the other is all the rest.

The result of the Poughkeepsie race to those who held such beliefs must have been startling; for Pennsylvania for the third time won the race. Cornell was "baked" a mile from home, and Wisconsin was practically the only crew that could keep within hail of Ward's men.

TENNIS In tennis, development of play as evidenced in the person of Malcolm Whitman, the national champion, is certainly of the highest order. When he was pitted against the representative Englishmen—who, though not equal to Doherty, were still, especially in the case of Gore, fairly well up in the tennis ranks of Englishmen—he demonstrated conclusively that he was in an entirely superior class and had them quite at his mercy. But it is also true that his success against other American players has been equally great, and with the exception, perhaps, of Larned when at the best of his form, we surely have no player on this side the water who can give Whitman a hard game.

BASEBALL In baseball there has been less vitality than in almost any other branch of our amateur sports. The general dissatisfaction with professional baseball and the increased interest in golf, row-

ing and track athletics seem to have affected adversely what has long been known as the national game. There was some good play in the college season, but no especial amount of interest displayed, and the crowds in attendance bore no comparison to those who now enjoy the football contests.

SEASON IN TRACK ATHLETICS The season of track athletics has developed some extraordinary performers. The visit of the American athletes to the Paris Exposition, and also to the English Championships, has already been carefully detailed in these columns. The remarkable superiority exhibited by our countrymen in these contests, while it has set up a great deal of discussion abroad, was by no means unlooked for by those posted in athletic matters on the other side the water. Such a phenomenon as Kraenzlein could not have his light hidden under a bushel with the remarkable performances on record to his credit in this country. And the Englishmen's experience with Myers has made them very chary of such statements as they used to make years ago, to the effect that "clocking" of runners on this side the water was nudily favorable.

Kraenzlein's hurdling throughout the season has been such as to put him in a class by himself. And any one who sees his method and its execution readily understands this. The broad jumping of this man, and also of Princeton (especially his jumping at the Philadelphia relay games), showed the Americans in a sport where formerly they have not been as much in the van as in other contests. The hammer throwing of Flanagan—recently in the N. Y. A. C. games, where he once more extended his record until it is almost 170 feet—and the shot putting of men like Sheldon and Beck, and the pole vaulting of Johnston, are good evidences of our development in this line. Duffy's running, especially his 9 4-5 at the Philadelphia relay games, before he strained his leg, was almost equally phenomenal. But it remained for Long to put a crowning glory to our running triumphs by his work in the quarter-mile. This is a distance very tempting and always attractive, and it has been a bone of contention in the States ever since the long-drawn-out discussion as to Wendell Baker's performance at Beacon Park, Boston, on an exceptionally fast straightaway track, the watches giving him 47 3-4 seconds. Long's recent performance in New York on an elliptical track is considered the equal of this performance of Baker's, and there is talk of his trying it on a straightaway.

We have had many remarkable performers at this event, both here and in England. Those who watched the blond FitzHerbert of Cambridge when he made his visit to this country, and who had heard of his high-class work on the other side, expected something phenomenal here; but climate and conditions agreed less with him than with almost any of the visitors, and we never saw him here at his perfection. Boardman, too, was especially promising; but on the occasion of his visit with the Yale-Harvard team to London he was defeated in the event by Davison, who ran not only a strong race but an excellently judged one. Boardman's prettiest performance was in New York at the Collegiates, where he defeated Long. But the latter, sea-soured by his campaign across the water this summer, came back, and in the recent games in New York, in the handicap quarter-mile, ran a race in which it is safe to say that none of these noted runners who have been on the track in the last two years could have held him.

FOOTBALL AT COLUMBIA At Columbia the season, which opened very inauspiciously, has taken on a far more encouraging look. On September 10 Coach Sanford took his squad to Branford Point, and since that date there has been no let-up in practice work. After the game with Rutgers on October 3 Sanford was not particularly well satisfied with the work of his men. The playing of Wright at guard, and the dashing end runs of Weeks and Berrian, saved Columbia, although Austin and Van Hovenberg did fairly good work at left tackle and quarterback respectively. The unexpected sharp and stubborn resistance put up by Rutgers gave Sanford's men all they could do to keep the score at 11-0. Columbia had the weight and strength, while Rutgers had the activity, and did altogether better team work. As a result of the game the Columbia team has come to the conclusion that she will have to settle down to good hard practice before meeting the men from the larger universities.

The game with Wesleyan at Columbia Field, October 6, showed a marked improvement on the game with Rutgers. Although Wesleyan was far heavier than Rutgers, her men could not force an opening for her backs, and her gains were very slow. Occasionally the five yards were made, using the allotted four downs, but the Columbia line was impregnable when the pigskin got within hailing distance of the local goal.

WALTER CAMP.



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY

FREDERICK
PALMER

RUSSIANS AND SIKHS—

—LOOTING AT PEKIN

IN PEKIN AFTER THE SIEGE

By FREDERICK PALMER, Our Special Correspondent

LOOTING PEKIN

LOOT! The word has assumed new meaning. Loot! Pekin was a carnival of it. Loot! Once I thought that looting was wicked. Since I have seen a grave and gentle missionary, who had long ago put the world's little vanities aside, struggling under the weight of silks and curios, I do not know what to think.

"I have so long wanted a Ming," he said, as he smiled lovingly at the fine old vase in his hand.

"That is almost—pillage—isn't it?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he replied, with a face all innocent of guile, as if correcting a wayward pupil. "Oh, no—not in China."

"In China" excuses everything. It puts a new spoke in the code of morals of all men. For it is one thing for 20,000 soldiers of five nations and five Indian races to stamp through a white man's apartments with heavy government boots, carrying away his property; and it is another thing to take what pleases their fancy in a mandarin's palace which has already been wrecked by Chinese soldiers. It is one thing to occupy the white man's town after he has stubbornly defended it, and he looks you fairly in the face in the moment of his defeat; and another to occupy the town of a heathen who lusts for the blood of women and children, and then bumps his head in the dust or runs away when he meets a real foe.

Gambling can have no such fascination as looting. A looted article is worth five times as much as one you buy, on the principle that the peach stolen from the squire's orchard tastes better to the small boy than the one on his own table. The temptation of Pekin, the capital of the empire of silk and china, was irresistibly insidious and intoxicating to minds calloused to the niceties of morals by the long, nerve-wrecking march.

He who talks loudest in the mess against looting may fall the surest victim. I have in mind a silhouette of a friend and his donkey going out of the Chen Men gate. My friend had

his pockets full of ivory chopsticks and carved jade. There was a mandarin's ivory chain around his neck. Four or five hand-painted fans were stuck in his belt. In either hand he carried a great bundle of silk. The waddling donkey looked as if he had passed through an Oriental shop, and everything he came in contact with had stuck to him. I recalled the correct attitude of this same correspondent in the Philippines in such matters, and even his boastings about it.

"I know I've fallen," he said. "I couldn't help falling. I am glad I fell. I can't carry a tenth of it home, but still I shall keep on acquiring until somebody puts me in jail. The ancestors of all of us originally were brigands, you know. I come of a line of honest clergymen, professors and Boston merchants. The brigand in our blood has been suppressed for many, many years. Pekin has brought the brigandage of generations out in me. I am suffering, and yet I am happy. I think that I should like to become a highwayman. I am afraid that I may. Tra, la! I am in a hurry. There are a big bronze Buddha, a gilt dragon, and an inlaid door back here, and I want to get my courier to help me carry them to camp."

STEALING AS A SCIENCE

To loot well in Pekin required technical knowledge and close application. You might search all day without finding a piece of china worth having, from a connoisseur's viewpoint; and then, in some rubbish heap, was that glint which held the light and held your gaze, as it had held that of ten generations ago, and could hold that of generations to the end of time. How could the man who really knows and loves china resist appropriating such a treasure for a niche in his room, which will recall the dust and the sweat of the march on idle afternoons in the soft shadows of temperate climes? You may read all the law books in the world, and you cannot convince me that it is equally as culpable to take a vase from a mandarin's palace as to steal a plate from a French chateau

after Gravelotte, though the vase might be worth five times as much as the plate. Yet the Chinese mandarin is as fond of his vase as the French nobleman of his family silver. The vase is worth as much, if not more, in China than New York, and it is appreciated more by these suave heathen in crinkling silk, who consider lives too plentiful to be spared, than by us. A mandarin will take the vase out of its box when a friend calls. As they smoke their pipes they will look it over from many points of view, absorbing the warmth of its color with the zest of a man who holds his hands before a grate on a winter's day. The finest vases were carried away either by the owner or by the Chinese soldiers who looted the town before we came. And if this brute of a Chinese soldier did not want the vase, he did not smash it as some white soldiers would. The Chinese hold even the old, common plates which have been mended and remended in the same veneration that a Greek plowman holds a piece of antique statuary which has been turned up in his furrow.

At any rate, if you had the nerve and the time to loot, it was nothing less than pitiful to be ignorant.

"I have a brother in Chefoo who has been in China for twenty years. He knows all this stuff," said a British officer. "Here I am with my twenty Patmans to dig and carry, and what an opportunity! Mandalay was as nothing compared with this. But I cannot tell the good from the worthless, except that I know silver bullion from lead. I would give a thousand pounds if that brother were here. What do you think he did? After we had been lying out for two nights before the taking of Tien-tsin, and I saw my chance, and, regardless of fatigue, went in with all my Patmans, that brother wrote to say that he had heard of my doings, and he asked me if I had no conscience. Conscience! I told him if he had been two weeks under shell fire he would have been worse than I, just as the total abstainer becomes a sot once he starts drinking."

I know of an instance of an unusually officious British



CAMP OF THE RUSSIAN TROOPS IN THE "FORBIDDEN CITY," WHERE THE EMPRESS AND HER COURT HAD THEIR RESIDENCE BEFORE THE CAPTURE OF PEKIN

sentry, who, the shop being directly under his nose, told two missionaries that they might not touch any of the big articles, but of course they might take away those four or five little china plates if they wanted. Those little plates were worth a thousand taels.

THE MOST CUNNING THIEVES IN PEKIN

The British were the most scientific looters, the Russians the most vigorous and destructive. The training of India, where towns have frequently been given over to pillage, makes the British officer see such shows in an entirely different light from the American trained in the regular army and stationed in the United States, with a sense of the rights of property drilled into his very bones. There are American officers who would not be guilty of looting if they should be transported back to the fall of Babylon. Our strenuous cavalry general, if he saw an American soldier going into a shop, delivered him a lecture in language more forcible than elegant, and made him throw away whatever he had purloined. Some miserable Chinese, or perhaps a dozen of them fighting for it, made gain out of the soldier's loss, and laughed at the white man's weakness for throwing away property once he had acquired it.

Necessity, however, compelled us to do a little official looting. For once the American army took what it needed for the sake of the soldiers' comfort. There was not one out of five of our men who had not thrown away his blanket and his shelter tent on the march, as the poor human pack-mule of our unpaternal government has done in the Philippines, and probably will do again and again, in order to save the expense of mules and wagons. So parties were sent out to get such blankets as they could, and also mats for shelter.

As for the Sikhs, the Patanas, the Punjaubis, the Rajputs and the other Indians, looting by them seemed more excusable than by the white man. They revelled in silks and satins and piece goods. When I left Pekin you could see them about

their camps cutting themselves out new baggy trousers and turbans, their chatter relating (so I presumed) to the sensation they would create with their giddy outfits when they returned home. Their long, skinny fingers seemed to be divining rods, which could run through any pile of rubbish and ascertain by touch what was valuable and what was not. They were so successful, indeed, that they had a bazaar, where they sold their treasures to the white man whose hands were less cunning.

"A HOWLING MOB OF RUSSIANS, SIKHS, INDIANS AND CHINESE"

Next door to the inn where the cavalcade of two correspondents made itself at home was a big warehouse filled with bleached and print goods mostly from American mills, and the finest Chinese silks of all varieties. For three days it was unmolested, its heavily bolted, barred and propped door resisting the pounding of the few scouts from the great crowd of looters, who wandered away from the centre of the carnival to sample more fertile and less grazed valleys. Then the Russians and the Sikhs began coming in fours and sixes, bursting open every door on the street.

In an hour after the warehouse was "discovered" there was a howling mob of Russians, Sikhs, Indians and Chinese scuffling for precedence. The fellow who reached the court with a bundle perhaps went down like the man with the ball in a football game. There was a river of silk on Cossack and Indian backs going up the street. If ever the British sentry on the beat appeared, for it was in the British quarter, he made no attempt to use his authority. The fear of fire, which would drive us out of our camp, led us to take matters into our own hands. By the exercise of Anglo-Saxon ferocity we drove away a Russian officer who had come with a guard of Cossacks and half a dozen carts, and eventually cleared the place and barred the door again. The mob was back in

ten minutes. This time it was mostly Chinese, who had merely fled to the shelter of neighboring buildings. We asked half a dozen Sikhs, who live in a country where the white sahib rules and have some sense of authority, to clear the warehouse, and they quickly responded. At first the Chinese moved, but when they saw that the bayonets were not actually being stuck into them, and they were getting no more than a few welts over the back, we admitted our defeat. We were unequal to the brutality necessary to victory. The coolies got the American bleached goods—they did not care for the silks—for which they were willing to risk their lives, and the warehouse was a scene of conflict until it had been absolutely stripped.

Silk was only the first passion. The second passion which was ruling when I left Pekin was money. All the army which had the energy and could get away from quarters was digging in cellars for the silver bullion which passes as currency in China.

Officially, there was no looting. For explanations go to the British Minister Plenipotentiary. The day after the relief of the Legations he sent a guard of British troops to the Imperial City after certain things which the Legation said officially that it knew were there and which it needed.

"We do not care to say what it is," the Legation added. "From outward appearances, of course, vulgar minds might conclude that we were looting." And the Legation smiled.

The Japanese, soberly taking advantage of their superior local knowledge, officially entered into possession of the Imperial Treasury, which was connected for five days with the Japanese headquarters by a line of army transportation wagons and rickshaws pulled by coolies, and transferring some millions of taels of bullion. How many millions the Japanese did not say. Being a strong people, they are a talkative people only on polite subjects. That is why foreigners misjudge them; and out of the foreigners' misjudgments they make hay.



TYPICAL PEKINESE MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN POSING FOR OUR CORRESPONDENT BEFORE THE DOOR OF THE GREAT PEI-TANG CATHEDRAL, AFTER THE CAPTURE OF THE CITY

THE ORDERLY JAPANESE

The Japanese private, always obedient and always under severe discipline, got little chance to loot. As on the march, he and the Americans did the solid work in establishing order in the city. After he had cleaned the snipers out of the north and northeastern portions of the city, General Fukushima put his army outside the wall in the open.

"It is better for their health out there," he said. "There is fresh air, water for them to bathe, and room for them to wrestle and run and tumble to keep their muscles hard."

As a looter, the little Jap is not only under discipline, but he is not wantonly destructive. He does not attempt to carry away what he does not need. What he seeks are cakes, cigarettes and teapots. Upon entering a town on the march, every little son of Nippon made a rush for the houses, and invariably came away carrying only a mat to sleep on and a pot for making his tea. Theoretically he had not need for other things, and the Japanese army is wonderful for its application of theory. In fact, the Japanese army goes far to prove how easy it is to apply the bespectacled man's theory once the bespectacled man is given the power that he needs. Despite this terrible march, the Japanese looked almost as tidy in their camp at Pekin as they had at Tien-tsin. They had not thrown away their blankets or any of their kit. When a Japanese soldier falls from heat prostration every article of his equipment is on his back, and usually he dies or is constitutionally injured for life as a result.

It must not be supposed that the army and the Legations had nothing else to do but to search for fine vases. The Generals and the Ministers were too busy to pay much attention to looting, except the kind which was done by an order, as in the case of the British Minister. The fighting in Pekin was not over with the relief of the Legations; and the task, whose culmination may mean partition and a war among the Powers, was only beginning. Here was one of the largest cities of the world to be put in order. Here was the capital

of an empire of two or three hundred million people without a government. If there had been no snipers it would have been almost the same as entering a city of the dead. Most of the population had fled on the second or the third day before our arrival, when, Chinese narrators told us, the Emperor and the Empress departed with a string of carts miles in length, under a guard of two thousand soldiers, whose morale the narrators illustrated by making their knees tremble. There remained the mob which had besieged the legations and the Pei-tang, a small guard in the Imperial City, and the eunuchs, who had served the great harem which the Emperor, with true gallantry, had managed to take with him, regardless of inconveniences.

TOMMY ATKINS IN THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

I have related in a previous article how the Americans were the first to enter the four great courts, with their intervening pagoda-topped gates, which separate the southern part of the Tartar City from the kernel of the Imperial City, or the grounds of the palace itself. Then, on the conclusion of the Ministers and the Generals in conference that it was unwise to enter the palace as long as there was some probability of negotiations, the Americans evacuated what they had taken and moved outside the Chen Men gate to the Temple of Agriculture, in whose great grass-grown inclosure the Emperor is supposed to plow a furrow every year. Across from the grounds of the Temple of Agriculture are the grounds of the Temple of Heaven, a magnificent dome with yellow tiling, sacred to the Emperor himself, but overgrown with weeds, and now in the camp of the Americans' allies, Tommy Atkins and his Indian comrades.

So little has been written of the Pei-tang Cathedral that few probably know of its existence, let alone that it was besieged. It lies three miles to the northwest of the Legations in the heart of Pekin, a monument to Jesuit determination and persistence and to French diplomacy, when working

hand and glove with the Church. Its tall towers rise above the skyline of the city, overlooking the very palace of the Emperor itself. Every one of its stones may be said to represent a little concession nudged out of the Chinese; and thus, by piling concession on concession, it was built. From the princes of the dynasty to the petty officers of the court, Chinese officialdom, with its rankling contempt for the ignorant foreigner, had only to look out of their windows to see the towers, so inartistic to Chinese eyes, which marked the home of militant Christianity proselytizing for the false philosophy in the very shadow of imperial authority. The Jesuit fathers are made of the stuff which waits for the enemy at its own doorsill. When they saw the storm coming they gathered their converts, thirteen hundred in all, within their walls and armed the self-reliant ones. Thirty French and ten Italian marine infantry were sent to their assistance. When there was a lull in the firing at their own barricades, the people in the Legations knew by the fusillade in the distance that the Pei-tang was still safe. Whatever may be said to the discredit of the French Marine Infantry at Tien-tsin, here, where they had the Jesuit behind them, they made a stand which carried you back to the days when Catholics and Protestants besieged each other in Flanders, and massacre and pillage went hand in hand.

COURAGEOUS MEN IN CASSOCKS

There was one attempt to mine the Legations. The attempts to mine the Pei-tang were too numerous to call for remark. One attempt was successful, in that it killed the French captain and took the defenders by surprise. All others were met by counter mines. I dare say that there are more scars from bullets and shells on the cathedral than on all the buildings of the British, American and Japanese Legations. The mob which surrounded the Pei-tang, so far as we know, would have preferred to dip their swords in the blood of these

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 16)

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APOTHEOSIS



By S. R. CROCKETT

EDITOR'S NOTE—"Apotheosis" is the sixth and concluding tale of a series of short stories by Mr. Crockett, author of "The Raiders," "Jana of the Swordhand," etc., relating the fortunes of Ninian Murdoch—known as "Evil Merodach"—a Scotch divinity student of extraordinary character. These stories, each independent in itself, and profusely illustrated by Jay Hamblidge, have appeared at regular intervals in COLLIER'S WEEKLY. Collectively they form an absorbing and pathetic narrative covering a wide range of human emotions.



S YOU ARE TO BE a minister, after all, Ninian," said Rob Bertram, as he stood at the door of the little wooden hut holding his eccentric friend's hand. Ninian had come to the yard to say good-by.

"If it's the Lord's will," Ninian answered, "but if anything should come in the road, I'll be at ye for another job."

"That you shall have and welcome!" cried the builder with enthusiasm. "There has not been a fight among the laborers since you came."

"I hae aye been thoct to hae an influence," said Ninian modestly. "I hope it may be blessed to me when I gang amang dukes and that kind o' folk. I hae heard tell that some o' them are targets!"

"Oh, the Duke of Niddisdale is said to be a most respectable man," certified Rob Bertram. "He will give no trouble to the session!"

"Mair especially as he is a benichtit Episcopalian!" responded Ninian, shaking hands for the last time.

Tony Rorrison had not spared himself. He humbled himself to the "helper" as he had never thought to do to any man. And with great gravity Ninian had answered him. "Did Eelan tell ye that I had said anything to her with respect to marriage?"

"No," answered her father; "I am aware we have no claim upon you, Mr. Murdoch—no claim whatever—but she is my only child. I have not dealt well with her. I am trying to make it up to her now the best way I can!"

"If ye hae been yae child o' perfection in your time, I hae been anither in mine," said Ninian plainly; "but, as ye say, we will make it up to her between us—if it's the Lord's will!"

The two men were silent for a long while after this. They were driving out to Ingleson from Cairn Edward. It was Tony Rorrison's favorite mare and lightest gig. Yet it gives a better idea of the situation than anything else to say that it was "the helper" who was driving. It was he, also, who broke the silence.

"Maybes," he said slowly, "if I had been better brocht up I wad hae telled you first that I had grown fell fond o' the lass—"

"I would not have thought you worth a docken if ye had!" Tony Rorrison burst out.

"But as it was," Ninian went on, "I got terrible fond o' her—though I kened she could never think on the like of me!"

"It seems that she did, though," put in her father, rather grimly.

"I should hae gane awa' when I kened that," said Ninian, "but, man, I just couldna gang. I canna explain it to you, but Eelan's e'en juist held me like bands o' iron—"

"That's all I want to know," said her father; "you can keep the rest to tell to Eelan!"

They drove into the yard, and without waiting even for the lad who came toward them from the stables, started toward the house. There were many lights in the windows, a sort of hushed bustle everywhere, and in an unoccupied wing a light that went from room to room as it were without reason.

Tony Rorrison opened the door and went in. Ninian followed him closely. The main staircase was directly in front of them, and there descending it was Dr. John Thorburn Brown. He did not smile or hold out his hand. The two men, still blinking from the sudden light, stood speechless before him, stricken dumb with the same intolerable fear.

"No, she is not dead," said the doctor, sounding their thought. "Be calm, Tony, but I will not deny that the case is grave, very grave. Dr. McQuhrie met me yesterday and we decided to operate. It had gone a long way. It was far worse than either he or I anticipated. There was no time to be lost."

"Did she suffer?" asked Ninian quietly.

"No, thank God! Sir James's new drug saved her that. But she had not the strength of a two-year-old bairn. And is this—?"

He looked at Ninian with a curious questioning in his eye. With quick Celtic intuition, Ninian understood him.

"I ken," said he humbly, "ye are thinking that I am no' a man like to tak' the e'e o' a woman. But I am fond o' Eelan, and I think maybe Eelan is fond o' me!"

"We will see," said the doctor, and, turning him about on the stair foot, he began to reascend.

"Had she not better be prepared?" whispered her father. The doctor continued to go up, the old staircase creaking under his weight.

"If you had not brought this young man," he said, "it might have been as well to prepare the lass—as it is—"

For answer he opened a door softly and peeped into a dimly lighted room. Then a subtle scent never felt before took Ninian by the nostrils. Slowly it made its way down all the air passages till it seemed to permeate his whole life. It was chloroform—Sir James Simpson's single gift to the race which made him a greater and more godlike man than Alexander or Caesar, Columbus or Napoleon—indeed, perhaps the greatest benefactor of suffering humanity who ever lived. For not



"I KEN," SAID HE HUMBLY, "YE ARE THINKING THAT I AM NO' A MAN LIKE TO TAK' THE EYE O' A WOMAN"

only is he the benefactor of those who undergo the pain, but still more of those who can only wait outside till the pain is overpast. Praise and honor and laud, then, to the man who has eased the heavier half of the Eden curse.

Not "Ave, Caesar, we who are about to die, salute you!" is the cry. But "Hail, wise healer!" is the voice of a great multitude whom no man can number. "Hail, good and wise healer, we, who but for you would have died, salute you!"

And on the other side, another yet greater multitude takes up the greeting. "Hail! we also, who only loved those others, salute you!"

And the cry of the second multitude is far mightier than the cry of the first.

Nunlike and statue-white lay Eelan Rorrison, her head held motionless between two bags of sand. Her eyes were shut as they stood and looked, these two men who loved her. Ninian was on one side of the bed, her father on the other. The drops were beaded on Tony Rorrison's brow.



NINIAN UNDERSTOOD. HE KNELT DOWN BY THE BEDSIDE

Then they ran down his face and fell on the bed, large as a woman's tears. But Ninian only stood very quiet and waited.

Eelan opened her eyes after a while. She saw Ninian and smiled a little, as if the thing were perfectly natural. Only her eyelashes drooped toward the hand which lay white and limp and thin on the cool coverlet.

Ninian understood. He knelt down by the bedside and took the girl's hand. Then her eyes roved as far as they could for the rigid position of her head and the restraint of her bandages.

The doctor touched her father's elbow and silently pointed him to go forward. He came to the bedside and laid his hand on Ninian's shoulder.

"Eelan!" he said, with a sound in his throat that was half a gulp and half a moan.

The girl smiled a little at him too. She knew these two men were at one. She could not even nod, so she smiled again and then very contentedly shut her eyes. They stood a while thus watching her. And then as the doctor noticed the tears silently welling from under the closed lids and running down the wasted cheek, he took Anthony Rorrison's arm and drew him away. Ninian would have followed, but when he tried to lay Eelan's hand gently on the bed again, the thin fingers suddenly clasped his with a little jealous clutch, and so perforce he kept his place.

"Tell me, Brown," said her father, without the door, facing the doctor, as a man on trial for his life turns to the foreman of the jury who enters bearing life or death, behind the mask of his face, "will she get better?"

Ah, how doctors know and dread that quick change and challenge when the door of the sick room is closed, and they have no word of hope to give.

But this time, at least, the notable surgeon's heart was not wrong.

"I cannot tell for certain," he said, gently, "she is weak—but—she has a reason for living now! That is all I can say!"

"Thank—thank you, Brown!" said the stricken strong man, shaking his friend's hand as if the speech had been a personal obligation.

Slowly and very slowly the life came back to Eelan Rorrison. It was the evening of the third day when she spoke first. For she had indeed trodden on the very skirts of Death as he passed by.

"Why do you love me?" she said, as Ninian stooped over her pillow.

The young man gave a kind of quick, inevitable gasp. The question somehow unhinged him, and he had to balance his soul in order to reply.

"Nay," he said, "why do you love me?"

"Because I cannot help it!" she said, smiling happily. And so closed her eyes as if her question had been fully answered. For lovers' speech is not expressed in that which meets the ear, but rather in silences, inflections, elisions. The lines mean but a tithe of that which is between them.

But now the inner strength of the woman's nature appeared, as well as the wisdom of the skilled physician. As the doctors said, Eelan had now a reason for getting well, and every day her father tried to show his satisfaction in the process by tricks of clumsy good humor—the gambols of a whipped Newfoundland clowning to be taken into favor again. When Ninian had to go over into the Niddisdale valley in order to call upon and thank his patron, it was Tony Rorrison who drove him over with the favorite mare between the shafts.

Strange to say, Ninian found himself not at all abashed by Niddisdale castle and its ducal master. At such times his blood of the Celt upheld him, and the 365 windows of countryside boasting were to him as the single deadlight of the little shieling where he was born, or the skylights of the cottage in Campbellton in which he had spent his youth. And Ninian found the duke even as other men. On his first entrance he had talked, as he could very well, the English of the sermon and of the Scriptures. But lo! at a sudden question from his grace he uttered but one sentence of Doric, and immediately the duke, till now formal and a little bored with this correct young man, came and sat down beside Ninian with a new expression of interest on his face.

Smiling was the subject of conversation—in especial, the part taken by the late minister in conjunction with the duke and his father in putting it down in the parish of Morland.

"I can tell your grace something aboot smuggling," said Ninian, "for my father was yince head smuggler o' a' Cantyre, and the MacCallum More got him made nicht watchman in the Cammeltoun distillery."

"What?" cried the duke, astonished.

And with that came and sat him down, hardly interrupting Ninian for a full hour except to ask questions.

"You must stay and take lunch with me," said the duke, who had not yet had enough of Ninian.

"There is a freend waitin' for me below," said Ninian, suddenly recalled to himself.

"Who is your friend? What, not Anthony Rorrison, the well-known breeder of Clydesdale? I know his name very well."

He went to the window, and there on the gravel was his own head groom with half a dozen satellites examining the points of Tony Rorrison's mare.

"Tut—tut—very bad, most irregular," muttered the duke. "But what a beautiful creature! I think I will go down and ask your friend myself if he will favor us!"

So the alarmed grooms shrunk and sidled away, finally vanishing, affrighted at the unexpected vision of their master at the top of the steps of the great entrance.

The butler, peering from his narrow-barred pantry window, called to the housekeeper to come quick.

There beneath them was his grace, now lifting a leg and now patting a flank, and finally, to the consternation of all, mounting beside Anthony Rorrison and taking the reins out of his hands for a trial spin round the gravel, down the avenue and back by the stables.

"Gravely irregular," said the butler, in his turn; "what would her grace say if only she had been here! Bare-headed, too! It is as well there are no visitors at the castle at present."

"Indeed I don't know what has come over his grace!" concurred the housekeeper.

That was easy to answer. Ninian had come over him, even

as in succession he had come over me, over Eelan Rorrison and Dr. Strabout, and now over Eelan Rorrison's father and the little Napoleon admiral.

I think the duke would have been quite prepared to crouch in the heather and watch for "gaugers" while Ninian kept the still fire clear and the worm running fine. When they came away finally the duke saw them off in person. Ninian was still in the full blast of reminiscence.

"But a' that I hae telled ye is just naething, your grace. Some day I'll tell ye about the time when I was a cairter in Dundee."

At this point the swift mare bore him away, and the duke of Niddisdale, K. G., feeling more human than he had felt for years, and with not a particle of "side" about him anywhere, was left smiling upon the steps of the grand

"And from the excellent disposition of the prime minister and the representation he has made at my request in the highest quarters, I have little doubt but the next birthday will see us at the end of our endeavors, and you in the enjoyment of the honors to which your distinguished services and the amiability of your nature alike entitle you.

"Trespassing once more upon the latter, may I ask of you as a favor that you will be good enough to drive over to Ingleston (which I am assured is just outside your policies) on Friday next—that is, if you have nothing better to do; and, as my representative, deliver to Miss Eelan Rorrison the small parcel which accompanies this note. She is, I understand, to be married on that day to a gentleman whom I am sure you will be glad to unite with me in honoring—Rev. Ninian Murdoch, minister of this parish, whom, though not of his communion, I respect so highly that, etc., etc., etc."

This shows the duke on his high horse, and a very exalted quadruped we must allow it to be. But when this letter and the accompanying packet came into the hands of the naturally so amiable admiral, the smile which had at first lighted up his features upon breaking the ducal seal gradually died out in fast thickening gloom, and before he had finished reading the sky was overcast by a black thundercloud, from which issued lightnings and thunderings, with the reek of brimstone and a very great hail.

Nevertheless when on Friday next at the appointed time the admiral went over and stood in the sweet and gentle presence of the girl bride, he was abashed, and a new spirit came over him. With something of the duke's own old-fashioned courtesy he presented the gift and gave the message. Then, though in his heart deeply ashamed of what he was about to do, he turned away for a moment toward the window while Ellen opened out the duke's gift. With a hand that fairly shook with haste the admiral detached from his fob a small beautifully wrought snuff-box of gold and blue enamel. With this in his hand the admiral turned quickly to where Ninian stood. He was afraid lest he should change his mind.

"Sir," he said, in sonorous tones, "will you accept this snuff-box, as a token or omen of good luck? I am not aware whether you snuff or not."

"Ow, ay," said Ninian, "I have had every bad habit in my time—ay, exceptin' profane swearin'!"

But the smile which accompanied the conceit took the sting from the reminiscence. At least so the admiral thought. For he laughed and said, "You are right, sir; you are right! And since you remind me of that unfortunate rencontre, I desire to tender you my hearty apologies, sir. You did your duty, sir. You were well within your duty, sir. I will never again swear before a clergyman, sir—demmy if I do, sir!"

He turned upon his nephew, Dr. Strabout's successor, who had entered with that remote air of distinguishing the company by merely existing, which even then had begun to be characteristic of youthful ecclesiastics of his top-lofty clique.

"As for you, sir, you—insolent young jackanapes, what do you mean by never telling me of this—ahem—celebration? Is this all you care for the interests of your parish and your uncle's goodwill? To let me find out from

a distant friend—I refer to his grace, the Duke of Niddisdale—that so fair a neighbor was this day to leave us! It is insufferable, sir! Is that the way you look after the parish with which Providence has intrusted you, and to which I, your maternal uncle, presented you?"

And the old man groped for his snuff-box, which Ninian instantly handed to him. He rapped on the lid, still staring fiercely at his angelical nephew, automatically opened the lid and helped himself largely. Then still nodding and frowning truculently, he slipped the box back again into his pocket, forgetting all about having a few minutes before made a wedding present of it. Nor to this day has Ninian ever set eyes upon it again.

Scottish fashion, they were of course married in the home of the bride. But the sun was setting, and, to do him justice, the voice of Rev. Evelyn Conrad Conynghame was like a low and melodious refrain. Ninian's face, as he stood up, showed simple and cherubic as ever, but now an unaccustomed gravity shadowed it. Eelan took her place beside him, gentle, dove-like, patient, yet with a certain pride and self-possession lying hidden under her drooping eyelashes. Tony Rorrison on one side, and the admiral on the other, gave to the quiet wedding the dignity of two imposing personalities. Mr. Gilbert of Cairu Edward was Ninian's best man, while Nance and I held watching briefs near the door.

"As long as ye both shall live," said the voice of the young minister of Whinnyliggate. He used a service book and came as near to chanting as he dared in the presence of his uncle, who wore boots.

And as the closing words were spoken I whispered to my wife, "Look, Nance—I never thought Eelan Rorrison could look so lovely!"

For Eelan's eyes were lifted to her husband's, and her pale cheek was flooded with unwonted rose.

Nance answered me with the least flavor of scorn, from the heights of her superior womanly understanding.

"Neither could Eelan Rorrison look so lovely, but that is Eelan Murdoch!"

(Exercise and addition):

I am informed, after my tale has been told and the record closed, that I must reopen my envelope in order to say that the ducal present was a noble necklace of pearls, which it makes Nance sigh even now to think upon.

I asked her if she would exchange with Ninian's wife for a certain shabby little band of grayish blue water-of-Dee pearls, which she thought so meanly of that on one occasion she flung them from her into a field. She answered shortly that that had nothing whatever to do with the case.

So on my own account, since the paper is blank before me, I may add for the satisfaction of all who, like myself, are interested in Ninian, that the marriage was a very happy one. Eelan has softened many of Ninian's asperities, and though he still retains all his old frankness, he has benefited by being brought under the gentleness of all constraints—that of a wife who rules by always seeming to obey.

Whenever, for instance, he is in danger of enlarging unduly upon his career as "a cairter in Dundee," or at afternoon teas dropping into reminiscences of the Gorbals and the Gallows, he becomes conscious of a regard so gentle and penetrating, so quiet and so all-sufficient that after a floundering moment he returns to subjects more suitable to the occasion if less intrinsically interesting in themselves.

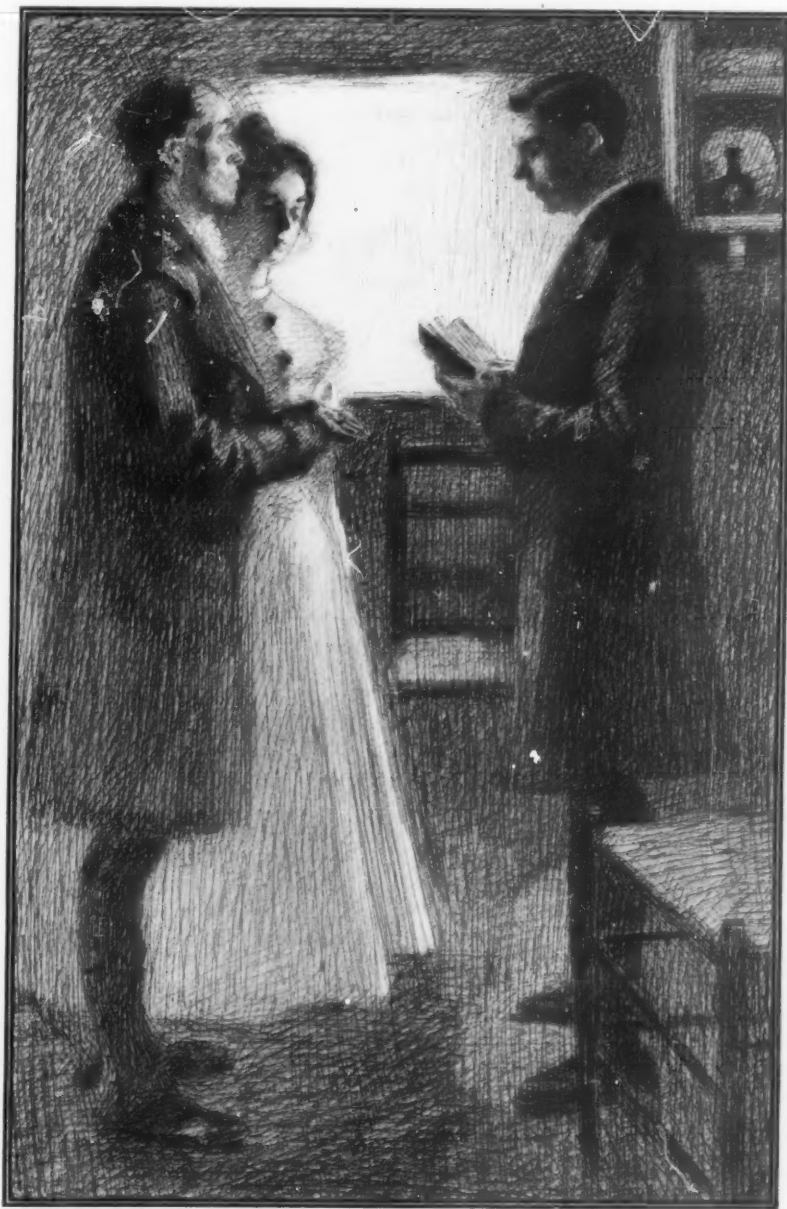
The Murdochs have no children, and so, perhaps, remain in some respects the closer to each other. But the last time I was over at Morland with our two boys, Alec and Ninian, it chanced that I was passing the barn on the morning of the second day of my visit. I heard a voice speaking from within—a voice the tones of which I had not heard for many days.

It was the old Ninian whom we had called Evil Merodach.

"Lead aff wi' your left, ye brat. Guard there; wool dune, the wee yin! Hit him, Ninian, dinna flip wi' your fingers as if ye were killin' fleas on the ceilin'! Dook! Dook! Ye wee deevil, what for dinna ye dook! There—there—dinna greet, lambie! Man, I mind when I was a cairter in Dundee!"

I looked through the door, and there sat Ninian on a sack of oil-cake, smoking a black pipe and teaching my young rascals the whole theory and practice of the noble art of self-defence.

From which I understood that Evil Merodach was not yet dead and that his ancient thorn in the flesh would assuredly irk him unto the end.



"AS LONG AS YE BOTH SHALL LIVE," SAID THE VOICE OF THE YOUNG MINISTER OF WHINNYLIGGATE

The Reverend Evelyn Conrad Conynghame gasped and words failed him.

"Uncle," he said, anxiously, "you mistake me, uncle. I do assure you—that—"

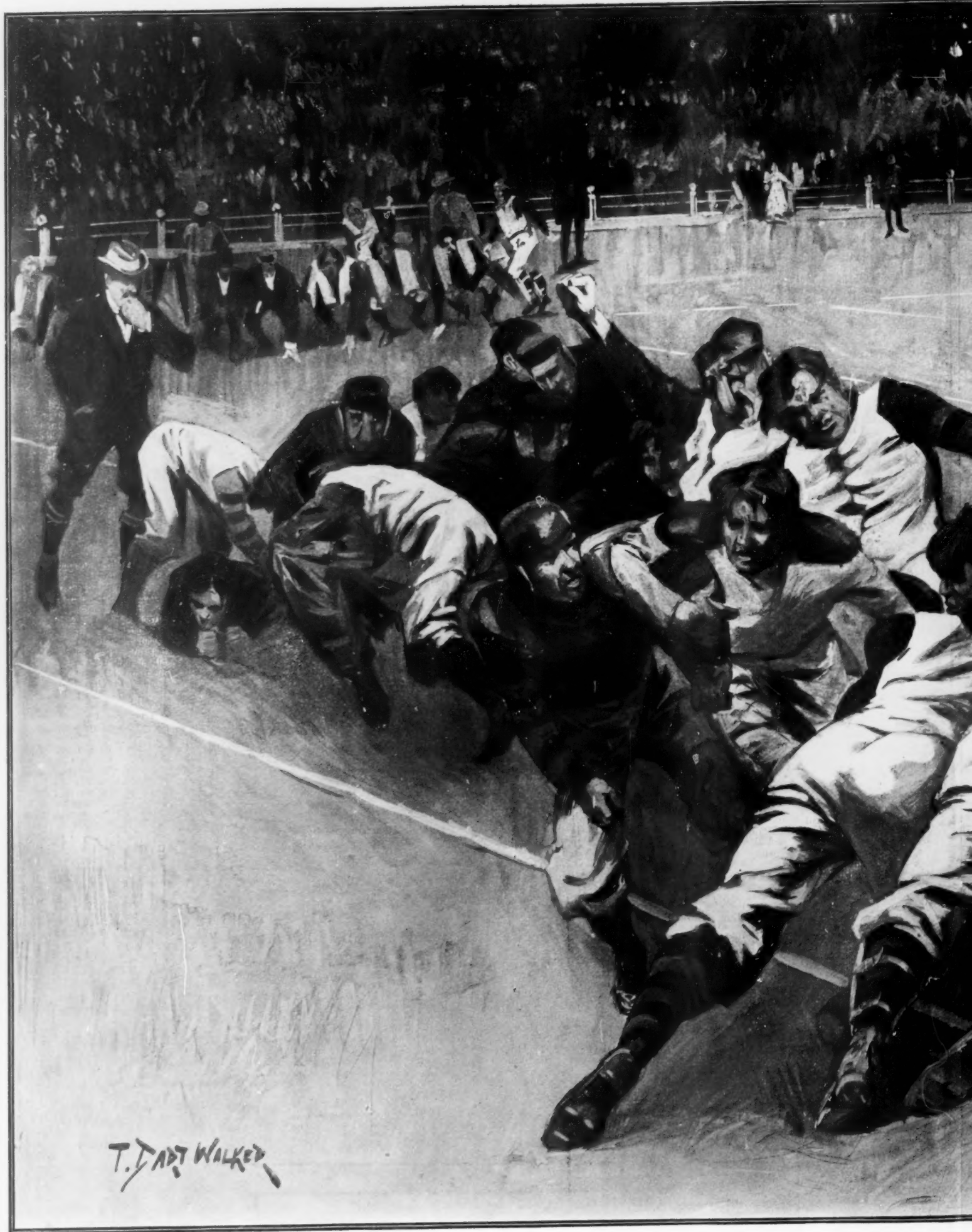
"Don't assure me—get on with your work!"

"But, allow me to explain. I was under the impression—indeed, you yourself gave me the impression—"

"Tut! tut! Do not play with words. If you cannot marry any better than you do the rest of your parish work, by gad, sir, I'll marry the young couple myself—in virtue of my office as justice of the peace! Demmy if I don't!"

But in spite of these preliminary alarms and excursions it was both a quiet and a beautiful wedding. In the dooce

o The End o



DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

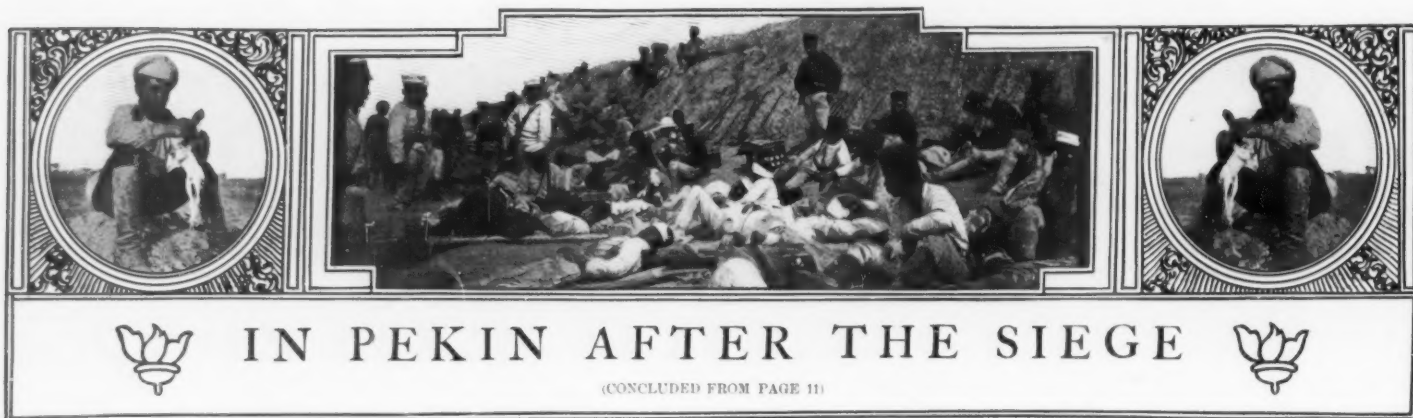
OUTSIDE THE

RUN OF A BACK WITH INTERFERENCE TOWARD AN OPENING MADE BY HIS



THE TACKLE!

BY HIS MEN JUST OUTSIDE THE POSITION OCCUPIED BY THE OPPOSING TACKLE



IN PEKIN AFTER THE SIEGE

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 11)

thirteen hundred converts to that of Ministers Plenipotentiary. The impudence of those tall towers, the wickedness of the men in cassocks who made medicine out of babies' eyes, were as objectionable to the mob as to the princes. Only the poor middle class between the devil and the deep sea possessed any reason, and they had not the courage to expound it.

Whatever the allegations against the Jesuits' aggressiveness, we must admire them because they did not turn aside with fright and leave their converts to massacre, but were equal when the test came to the old precept that the blood of the martyr is the seed of the Church.

"But first catch your martyr," as one of the militant old fathers said cheerfully after the relieving force arrived.

Another cathedral, the Nan-tang, was evacuated. The Boxers left on the site of this great edifice, besides ashes and a few broken stones, two ragged pillars of masonry about ten feet in height. After visiting this scene of desolation you involuntarily felt a thrill of pride that the other cathedral, scarred as it was, still raised the towers of Christianity to the skies; and you were as thankful that the native converts of the Pei-tang, varying in age from children and young women whose feet were allowed to grow to the natural size to the old and failing, cared for by Chinese as well as white nuns, had been spared as if they were the congregation of a New Jersey village. A half hour later, as you saw the hopelessly brutal-faced coolies or passed dead—the ubiquitous dead of this campaign—in the streets, you found it difficult to think of the Chinese as human beings.

For the first two or three days the Japanese were very busy in the northern part of the city suppressing the snipers, who fired from trees or gathered in little bands at strategic places to attack patrols. How many Russians wandered away from their companies in search of loot before the city was policed I cannot say, and it is doubtful if their commanders could. In five days the whole city was practically in subjection, and the Chinese, covertly avoiding Russians, were beginning to appear in the streets again. It was then that I started out to make a tour of the town in company with an old resident. He wanted to see his house or the spot where it had stood. It was burned, as was every house occupied by a foreigner or a native convert or one suspected of being a convert. A district of two or three acres where only converts had lived—they come together for protection from their persecutors—was leveled to the ground. Again you would ride for blocks, and, in so far as you could see, Pekin would be itself as soon as the people returned to their houses.

IN THE IMPERIAL CITY

Just outside of the gate to the southern half of the Imperial City where I entered were some twenty dead bodies in a heap. The gate was in charge of the Russians and the French. After the Americans, in response to the Russian protest, had marched out of the northern part of the city, the Russians occupied the southern end; and each power now had its representatives somewhere along that parallelogram of wall which incloses the royal domain. The big, red-cheeked Cossacks were encamped on the edge of the lotus pond, whose perfume was an abrupt change from the stench of the putrefying flesh at the gate. The French had their guns on the famous Coal Hill, and there the effeminate, long-haired native gunners from Annam, now conquerors instead of conquered, as they ate rice and Chinese pig and fowl, viewed the imperial palaces from an eminence that had been denied to Ministers Plenipotentiary as well as to flying globe-trotters.

A little sympathy with Chinese art, and you appreciate the beauty of the grounds and the charm of these masses of yellow-tiled pagodas with the glimmer of the summer sun upon them. The palace from the Coal Hill is as much an architectural classic as the Taj Mahal and Notre Dame. With only a door between them and the palace itself, everybody wondered if the Russian officers had not already entered the palace. How could they be Russians and resist the temptation? (The

formal occupation of the palace by the powers, and the march through by detachments of each nationality, took place after I left Pekin.) Had the Empress carried away all her gems, and where were the little peachblow vases valued at from five to twenty thousand dollars apiece? The Empress took a great deal away, and she also—not including three or four hundred eunuchs and as many little sleeve dogs, which would be worth a fortune in New York—left a great deal behind, which the Russians got, it is said. What humiliation it must be to the proudest court in the world to have Annamites on the Coal Hill and Panjabis tramping through the sacred inclosure! The unkempt grounds and the need of repairs on the buildings of the Imperial City told only too well of a decaying dynasty which had lost its pristine power and was no longer ruling but ruled.

"KILL THE FOREIGN DEVILS!"

My long ride through the narrow streets, usually crowded with the goings and comings of a dense population, and the view of the four great gates of the Tartar City from the Coal Hill, brought home to me the enormity of Pekin and the possibilities of a mob which could be raised by a common cause. No one of all the stories that I heard about the siege—and they are related *ad libitum* in the numerous diaries which have been given to the press—impressed me so much as that first night when the men and women alike of the Legations realized for the first time that only the force of arms stood between them and massacre. All night long, while the mob of Boxers, increasing as it moved, burned and looted in the Chinese City, the continuing cries of what seemed a chorus of fifty thousand voices shouting, "Kill! Kill the foreign devils!" came over the wall which separated them from the object of their hate. It seemed as if such a volume of sound represented an energy which was irresistible by the small force of Legation guards. At the same time native converts, with their ears cut off and their noses slit, and missionaries with the invariable tale of narrow escapes, were coming into the compounds. After the first contact, after the Colt gun and the small arms' fire had made the undisciplined mob collapse as quickly as a balloon when ignited, the white man in China recovered his confidence in his powers against black, brown or yellow men which is giving the world to the northern races.

"We grew very fond of that little Colt gun," said an old missionary solemnly. "It was very thoughtful of the Americans to bring it. Its rat-tat-tat was as comforting as to sing a hymn with the brethren when you are downhearted and discouraged."

And then there was their own field piece, which had its resurrection in the attempt of Gunner Mitchell of the American marines, who tried to make a gun out of gaspise. A Chinese servant, who witnessed him in a throe of difficulties, touched him on the shoulder and said: "Me saves good gun. Alli. Can do!" He led Mitchell to a junk shop, where he unearthed from a pile of rubbish an old smoothbore incriminated with rust inside and out, which was brought to Pekin in their expedition of '58. In an hour all the people of the Legations were talking of it as excitedly as if it were buried treasure. The Italians provided a carriage for it. Then came the question of ammunition. "As might have been expected"—so a British officer said—the Russian marine guards had left Taku with no guns and with shells instead of small-arm ammunition. The shells were a little too large, but Mitchell whittled and filed them down, and knocked a section of Chinese barricade down with the first shot.

GUNNER MITCHELL'S "ARTILLERY"

The moral effect on the Legations was immense. That gun was a source of *bon mots*. Every one wanted to know how far it had kicked "the last shot," and what damage it had done. It cheered the worn Legation guards at their harrowing vigils along the barricades more than anything, until the troops entered the Legation grounds, and they laid down their rifles with a sigh of relief.

The moral effect on the enemy was unquestionably immense.

"If, after we have been besieging the foreign devils for a month, they have kept artillery in reserve all the time, what are we to expect?" the Chinese asked themselves.

Besieging the Legations was not the policy of all the Chinese princes or of all the members of the Tsung-li Yamen. If it had been, we should not have found stores of new German Mannlichers, which had never been used, with plenty of ammunition in Pekin, where, possibly, it had been artfully concealed from the Boxers and the Chinese troops which were under Boxer influence. As has happened in countries where pigtailed are not worn, the radical foreign-hating portion of the ruling element had played with fire until it was beyond their control. The other party had to acquiesce in order to save not only their "face," but also their skins. Some of these—which was very Chinese—followed the example of the guilty man who leads the crowd in search of the thief.

Prince Tuan and his party believed thoroughly after Admiral Seymour's defeat—to get the Prince's point of view, consider his ignorance of foreign countries, which is ten times as dense as that of the Bowers about China—that they could drive all the foreigners into the sea. Prince Ching and those not so unfriendly to the foreigner—pro-foreign is certainly a misnomer—must have realized, as wicked old Li Hung Chang did, that an avenging army, striking those swift, sure blows, which are unintelligible to the Oriental, would eventually come to Pekin bringing a day of reckoning with them. They, too, were influenced by the pleasant, intoxicating flush of temporary success, and assuaged their doubts with the wish that was father to the thought that the foreigners might be expelled.

SNIPING AT THE LEGATIONS

Rumors and reports from viceroys, coming by the lines of telegraph which were not open to us, swept the doubtful members of the Yamen back and forth between Ching and Tuan twenty times as readily as public opinion may vacillate with the news of the day at home. When word came of the victory of Tien-tsin there was a lull in the firing on the Legations, which was never again so heavy as it had been up to the attack on the night before relief came, when the mob of Boxers and Tung Fuh Shan's troops made their last desperate effort. Half a dozen times a Yamen runner came into the compound with messages from the Yamen when sniping at the Legation barricades was continuous. The Yamen sent presents of watermelons and vegetables to the Legations, and expressed the hope that they were well. Hearing of the assassination of King Humbert by wire, Prince Ching sent the news to the Italian Minister, whom the Chinese were trying to assassinate, begging that his Excellency would not injure his health by grieving too much.

After the siege was fairly begun, and the bombardment of the Taku forts led the Empress to declare war, the Yamen wanted to escort the Ministers out of the country. But the Ministers to a man saw the ulterior motive of the Yamen the instant they read the communication. If the Ministers were massacred on the road, then the lust of the mob would be satisfied, and the Yamen could have washed their hands of the murder by blandly asking: How could the poor Yamen help it if the guard had been overpowered? The Yamen had one voice for the Legations and one voice for the mob which besieged the Legations. In its heart it was with the mob, in its reasoning it was always opportunistic, always Chinese. After the assassination of Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister, Prince Ching so far brought pressure to bear on the mob as to have the remains put in a Chinese coffin and left near the scene of the crime, while he sent word to the widow that the remains had been placed in a silver-mounted casket, hoping, of course, that she would not grieve too much.

As we read in the home papers, in the daily despatches from China, of how Tuan is degraded on one day and on the next is allowed to name his own punishment, we get some suggestion that the farce which was played in Chinese government circles during the siege of Pekin has merely been transferred to the new capital.



A CHINESE DIPLOMAT

DIRECTOR TAO-TAI SHENG HSUEN, the former Governor (called Taotai) of Tien-tsin, is a man of great fame. His associations with Li Hung Chang, who brought Sheng into prominence, have been somewhat shaken since the Chinese-Japanese war of 1894-95. The corrupt practices of both ended in mutual jealousy, according to the "Shen Pao," a Chinese newspaper. This paper says that Sheng made about two million taels (a million and a half dollars) profit on purchases of war material which he ordered for his government during the war with Japan. Li Hung Chang, it was stated, became so furious about this outrage of Sheng that he forgot his dignity and made a personal attack on the latter. Sheng was soon afterward removed from his Taotai-ship, but his great friend, the Empress Dowager of China, was so interested in his welfare that she intrusted to him the Directorship of the Chinese Railroads throughout the Celestial Empire. What Sheng has done in this capacity is known to the whole world. Since 1895 the question of building railroads in China has been under discussion. Vast plans have been adopted in Northern, Southern and Central China. Sheng always looked out for his own interest and played a double game. On many sides it is stated that he sold his country by giving the railroad concessions over to foreign syndicates, the very act which brought about the question of "Spheres of Influence."

But there is also a decidedly patriotic side to Sheng's nature. He was always a clear-sighted mandarin, and had an eye to the interest of his country and his Empire. Before the Chinese-Japanese war foreigners were not allowed to erect industrial establishments or to import machinery into China. But Sheng made arrangements with American spinners, and, in company with Li Hung Chang, built a great Chinese cotton mill at Shanghai, with over 50,000 spindles, the management of which he left in the hands of an American.

Sheng is Director-General and founder of the great Imperial Chinese Telegraph Administration, which company since 1883 has strung a vast net of wires from the coast to all the provinces and the dependencies of Thibet,

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Mongolia and Manchuria. There is one slight drawback about the working of the Chinese telegraph, that whenever it pleases his Excellency Sheng he closes the wire to outsiders. This fool-play was much in evidence during the late Pekin disturbances.

Another company which Sheng started, and at the head of which he figures up to the present day, is the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company. This company has an enormous fleet of fine yellow-funnelled steamers, which ply in all directions along the coast and rivers of the Eastern seas.

Sheng has erected a great many fine buildings in the foreign settlements of Tien-tsin and Shanghai, and has invested much money to embellish the living quarters of the foreigners, but of course he has also drawn a good profit out of these investments. He was called to Pekin in order to facilitate the claims of the allied nations, when the winding up of the accounts takes place. Those who know him believe he will not fail to get his share.

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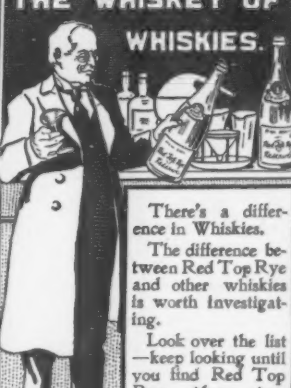
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WOMAN'S PLACE IN POLITICS

By CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, President of the American Woman's Suffrage Association

AN AUGURY OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.—The National Republican Committee has a woman's department. The Democrats will also support women speakers in the field. The Prohibitionists and Populists have always encouraged women speakers in campaigns. Suffragists and anti-suffragists are alike donning McKinley and Bryan badges. Senator Hanna is forced to talk expansion to an audience of voteless women. Mr. Bryan pleads that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Women are in politics and no power can drive them out.



CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

"HISTORY is past politics, and politics is present history." From the days when the unwitting Helen involved two nations in a sanguinary war, down to the present time, women have held an undoubted place in politics. This, too, despite the sentiment which dominated the thought of the world for centuries, and which was expressed by Thucydides long ago, when he said that "the highest merit of woman is not to be spoken of, either for good or for evil," and which centuries later was reiterated by the German novelist Auerbach: "The best woman is she of whom men speak least." Now and then, the absorbing desire to maintain the succession of a particular royal house, in the absence of male heirs, overcame the universal prejudice against women in public life, and permitted a woman to ascend the throne. History, measuring the reigns of queens by the same rules that it applies to the reigns of kings, has discovered more than one queen who made so indelible an impress upon the politics of her time as to earn, by common consent, a place among the greatest rulers of the world.

The majority of women, however, whose names appear in the records of ancient politics are not there as the result of their personal merit or demerit, but are mentioned as an accessory to the correct narration of the life of a man. They appear only as an auxiliary in the career of another. We find Aspasia writing for Pericles orations with which we are familiar; Diotima giving to Socrates thoughts which later he will reproduce; Fanny Mendelssohn writing "Songs without Words" for her brother; Caroline Herschel studying the stars, and giving the fruits of her labor to the world through her brother; Mademoiselle de Scudery in her attic writing novels which her brother will publish as his own. It is true there was a Hypatia, but her fate was not an inspiration to other women to follow her example of independence.

WOMAN'S TIME OF SLAVERY

Whether she liked it or not, the woman thinker continued for centuries to eke the work of her genius to the nearest of her male kin, and so indirectly affected the political thought of many nations. Women were also the unconscious centre of many political intrigues, far-reaching in effect. They were divorced from one husband and married to another at the caprice of husband or ruler; they were sold, mortgaged, distributed among soldiers as booty of war, held as hostages, or offered as indemnity. Such transactions appear in history with the minutest details of their consequences to the government, but with no more hint of the feelings and experiences of the women concerned than had they been blocks of wood. Women were not infrequently tools in the hands of crafty men to carry dangerous plots into effect; but quite as often they initiated political conspiracies and beguiled men to act as their catpaws. They were not alone intrigued against; they intrigued.

Unquestionably, women have always held an important place in the politics of the world, but the position of women as a whole has been subordinate to that of men as a whole. A woman might have more political influence in a kingdom than a million men; the king's will might dominate the affairs of a nation, and a woman's will might dominate his, but such facts did not change the political position of women as a whole. If women possessed political ambitions—and history demonstrates that there have always been such women—they were forced to secure their ends by indirect, irresponsible, and often secret methods. If they succeeded, they were never rewarded with the kind of recognition which would readily enough have been granted to men. In the great drama of civilization they have been the supernumeraries, not the real actors.

In ancient days, the majority of men were politically sub-

ordinated to a few men, as all women were politically subordinated to all men. If a man belonging to the many had political ambitions, he was forced to use precisely the same indirect, irresponsible methods as those employed by women. The Magna Charta ushered in a period of evolution which was to end by making every man a direct, responsible factor in government. Hundreds of years lie between the grant of political power to the English barons and the establishment of the American democracy, but the period was none too long for reason to overcome custom, and to effect the change from indirect to direct power in the government of men. The relation of women to politics, having been even more indirect than that of men, has been longer in changing, but the trend of events no less surely points to the same evolution for women.

Future students of history, looking backward, will discover that the hundred years between 1825 and 1925 marked the final stages of the transition of woman's political position from irresponsibility to responsibility. Women entered that era as political subordinates in every nation in the world; they will emerge from it with full political rights in all the more civilized nations.

The only warfare there has ever been over the "woman question" has been waged over one point—shall woman's influence in the world be direct or indirect, responsible or irresponsible? If a woman possess ability, great or small, talent, genius, noble purposes, lofty ideals, shall she contribute them directly to the welfare of the world, or through the doubtful channel of influence on husband and children? Shall she be a unit of society or the auxiliary of a unit? There has never been any other question than this. It was raised when the first woman felt called to pray publicly in the prayer meeting; it appeared again when the first college opened its doors to women; it arose once more with the movement to open trades and professions to women; its discussion became uproarious when the first woman spoke upon a public platform; it broke into a tumult when the first woman claimed a delegate's right to sit in a convention. In fact, it has arisen whenever any woman has departed ever so little from the worn rut of tradition, and although the contest over each step of the way has been stormy, the final settlement has always been in favor of direct responsibility for women. Although the question reappears at the suggestion of political equality for women, with promise of a fierce contest, yet the American court of public justice must inevitably reaffirm its decisions repeated again and again during a period of a hundred years.

"SO LONG AS YOU PERSIST IN BEHEADING US, WE MUST ASK THE REASON WHY"

For centuries dogma declared: The man is the head of the woman, let her not act without his authority. Reason protested: Since she has a head of her own, why not let her use it? Dogma continued: If a woman would know anything, let her ask her husband at home; learning is not for her. Reason pleaded: She has brains, let her find out for herself.

Give a logician premises, and he will work out a correct syllogism. Give an intelligent republic true principles, and sooner or later correct conclusions will evolve. There are no exceptions to the laws of nature.

Upon two principles were men enfranchised. They have been urged by the reformers of every people, and have appeared in countless forms of expression, but the phraseology of the Declaration of Independence will be immortal: "Taxation without representation is tyranny." When this plea was made for men in America, it did not apply to women. They were not taxed, for they owned little to tax. Times have changed. The property owned by the women of New York alone is of higher valuation than the whole island of Cuba, while the property owned by women in the United States far outweighs the valuation of the Colonies when the war of the Revolution was waged in defence of this principle. Furthermore, sooner or later a logical republic will work out the obvious truth: "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Even this other principle, at the time it was formulated, might excusably have been interpreted not to apply to women. Although Madame Condorcet had replied to Napoleon when he expressed his condemnation of women in politics: "So long as you persist in beheading us, we must ask the reason why," yet the logic of this position was not apparent in a generation when men were regarded as the units of government. But education and opportunity have changed conditions, and the individualized woman stands waiting to be recognized as such.

It was these two facts which enfranchised men. The republic may laugh and ridicule, scold and grow hysterical, storm and protest, but sooner or later prejudice will yield to common-sense, and these very facts will enfranchise women also. Indirect influence is neither practical nor satisfactory. The press is just now commenting upon a chain of prayer inaugurated by Indiana women with intent to defeat Mr. McKinley. The public is inclined to poke fun at the plan, but why? Certainly these women have the individual right to wish the defeat of Mr. McKinley or any other candidate. Their method is in entire accord with the instruction of society. Laughing

at these women is laughing at the wrong victims; the real joke is that society should ever have been taught such dogma; for reason must readily perceive that a prayer for things political will bring in the quickest and surest returns when deposited in a ballot-box.

WOMEN AT THE BALLOT-BOX

That the world is slowly but surely approaching the right point of view is proved by the legal changes in the political position of women within the past few years. Verily, the huge blast of coming political liberty for women has "echoed round the world," and scarcely a nation is there which has not answered the call. Women now possess some form of suffrage in every European nation except Greece, Spain, Portugal, Holland, and some German States. On the Continent the suffrage privileges are limited, but it should be borne in mind that they are likewise limited for men. In Great Britain women vote upon all questions except the election of members to Parliament, and the signs indicate that even this restriction will be removed in the near future. In Asia women have similar privileges in British India, while in New Zealand and other portions of Australia women enjoy full political equality with men. In our own country women possess some form of suffrage in two-thirds of the States and full political rights in four—Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho. Although the question has been submitted to popular vote, and defeated in a number of States, it has been found that wherever submitted the second time, as it has been in three States, the second test invariably records an increased proportional vote in favor of it. In Kansas, when submitted the first time, it received 9,100 votes; when submitted the second time, it received 95,302. In the State of Washington, in 1889, the adverse majority was 19,386; in 1898, it dropped to 9,882. In South Dakota, in 1890, woman suffrage was defeated by a majority of 23,610; in 1898, by a majority of only 3,285. In Oregon, the vote on the suffrage amendment in 1884 stood 28,176 nays to 11,223 yeas; in 1900, it stood 28,298 nays to 26,265 yeas. In 1884, only one of the 33 counties of Oregon gave a majority for suffrage. In 1900, 21 counties gave a majority for it, another county was a tie, another went *no* by one vote, and still another by three votes. These facts speak for themselves.

Women were sent as alternate delegates from Utah and Idaho to the two great political conventions. They were women of refinement and dignity, and were received with respect and consideration. To Mrs. Cohen, an alternate from Utah to the Democratic Convention, was given the honor of being the first voting delegate in either of the two great party conventions. A vacancy having occurred in the regular delegation, she was promptly elected to it. But the woman who does not vote is demonstrating quite as clearly as the woman who does that women in the United States have a place in politics. In Kansas, it is reported that a woman, Mrs. Annie L. Digges, completely "smashed the slate of the fixers" at the State Democratic Convention, and the Republicans of that State are using the fact to frighten timid Democrats by twitting them with being under "petticoat rule." Nevertheless, the National Republican Committee has a woman's department, apparently well supported, and under the administration of Mrs. J. Ellen Foster. Its business is to secure Republican votes from the women of the woman suffrage States and to win male voters through the "indirect influence" of women. It has a coterie of women speakers ready to enter the field as soon as the campaign is fairly open. The Democrats, not to be outdone, will also support women speakers in the field. The Prohibitionists and Populists have always encouraged and supported women speakers in campaigns, and they have evidently not deserted their custom this year. Suffragists and anti-suffragists are alike donning McKinley and Bryan badges, and are joining McKinley and Bryan leagues. Last, but not least, the National Committees are reported to be in a condition of despair, for with all their effort and expense to place their respective arguments before the voters of the country, their speakers are frequently met by audiences a majority of which are women. Even Senator Hanna, whose well known antipathy to the woman in politics should discourage the attendance of women upon his meetings, is forced to talk expansion to an audience of voteless women; and Mr. Bryan, who faintly declares he "has never studied the woman suffrage question," is driven to plead that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" to audiences of "governed" who possess no authority to bestow "just powers" upon governments. Yes, women are in politics, and no power can drive them out. They are there because they think, and feel, and know.

EMANCIPATION DAY IN SIGHT AT LAST

That changes will continue to come until the last vestige of restriction upon woman's political liberty has been removed, no one studying the signs of the times can doubt. It is true there are women who protest against the future emancipation. But has not humanity always hugged its chains and smitten the hand of the deliverer? It would be strange indeed if there were no women sufficiently successful in indi-

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rect influence to prefer that method of dealing with the problems of life. But their opposition is only a minor phase of the question. The conflict is not one between women and women, or men and women; it is warfare between dogma and reason. In such a contest dogma may yet score many a victory, but reason must inevitably triumph.

In the past, the place in politics of woman was that of irresponsible subordination, and her methods were necessarily cajolery, intrigue or conspiracy. The place in politics of the woman of the future will be that of a responsible unit of government, and her methods will be the direct, straightforward acts of a rational, self-respecting and respected citizen. The present indicates a transition period, and we find in consequence three distinct types of women in politics. There is the type of the ancient woman, the irresponsible subordinate, contented with her lot, and little dreaming of the world forces at work under her very eyes changing her entire relationship to society. There is also the type of the woman of the future. We find her in our suffrage States, so free, so respected by men, so exalted by all society, that, in the exhilaration of her freedom, she fails utterly to realize the struggle that is to come. But more interesting than either is the woman of the present who represents the link between these two. She has repudiated the position of her ancient sister. She despises the woman who sees no good to be done in the world, and who possesses no public spirit. She reads newspapers, knows what is going on in politics, espouses principles with ardor, composes majorities at political meetings, marches in party processions, and dons political badges, though perchance she may shrink with genuine revulsion from the suggestion that the opinion she holds should be counted in a ballot-box. Her name is legion, and she is just now the most amusing embodiment of inconsistency within the sweep of our vision. Yesterday she was in a position of subordination to man; to-morrow she will occupy a position of equality with him; to-day she is in process of evolution. Upon the rapidity of her development depends the date of the coming of the Future Woman in Politics.

BEAUTIFUL SOUTH AMERICANS

THE SOUTHERN SUN, which warms the blood of the natives of the tropics, instills into them, with their dark beauty and fiery blood, a love of ease and comfortable idleness that is proverbial. Nothing is done to-day which can possibly be put off until to-morrow—"manana," they say, ever "to-morrow." In the woman, especially, is this characteristic noticeable. The women are beautiful.

Dress is the chief occupation of Chilean women; of the richer class this is especially the case. They have no interest in things intellectual to take up their time, no clubs nor societies; their education, which is in narrow lines, consisting chiefly of languages, dancing and sewing, stops entirely when they are fifteen. After that they are in society until they are married. Society with them consists of the theatre, dances, and of the nightly walks around the central Plaza of the town.

When a girl marries, her life changes with the condition of her husband's purse. If wealthy, she takes her ease; if poor, she must have charge of the house; and the poorer class do their own washing and ironing. The hour of rising is late, nine or ten o'clock. After a cup of coffee, or *desayuno*, has been served in the room, the regular breakfast is at eleven, and is an elaborate affair of many courses of meats and vegetables. The afternoon is spent in sleeping and dressing for the evening. At half-past five is *comedia*, or dinner, after which they all go to the Plaza to walk and flirt until bedtime.

With the poorer classes it is different. Living in miserable little huts of one or two rooms, with large families of ten or twelve children, they must soon turn out to earn their living. They sell fruit on the street corners from great baskets; they beg and often steal; they, if fortunate, may secure a stall in the market, where they sell fruit and vegetables, baskets or pottery. They wash their clothes in the river streams, beat them with broad wooden paddles or with their hands against the stones, and hang them on the bushes to dry. The girls of the middle class are the most to be pitied, really needing employment, but there is nothing for them to do. There are no factories where they may be employed; no large department stores; and the schools, where they might serve as teachers, are either convents or schools taught by foreigners. The street cars in the towns seem to be their only field, for on these cars the conductors are all women; and it is said there are a hundred applicants for each vacancy. Perhaps pity is too strong a word to use, for most of the women prefer to be idle and live on grapes, which are cheap, loaf on the market and the Plaza, and sleep and dance whenever they have a chance. They will work "to-morrow," and to-morrow never comes.

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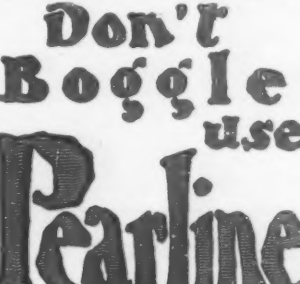
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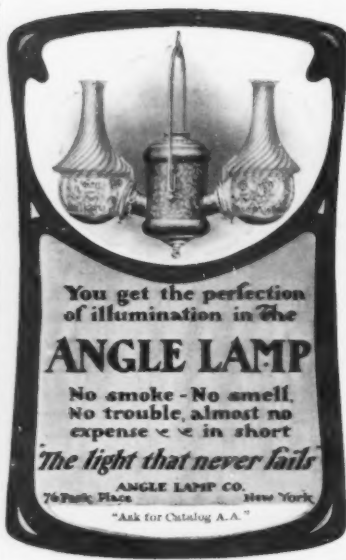
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WITTICISMS FROM ABROAD

AT LAST

"WHAT, Henpeck, old boy, married again? Why, this is the third venture." Henpeck (triumphantly): "Yes, and I've got a doorknob at last."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

AT THE GERMAN FAIR

LIEUTENANT: "What! Ten dollars for a kiss! That's double what it's worth, even at a church fair."

Young Lady (indignantly): "Why, sir—?" Lieutenant: "Why certainly, my dear Miss, you have such a little mouth!"—*Megendorfer Blätter.*

A STRIKING THESPIAN

STAGE MANAGER (in a small country theatre, watching the stage from the wings during the production of a great melodrama): "What's the matter with Smith? Why the devil doesn't he die?"

Prompter: "He told me to tell you he would be hanged if he'd die till you had paid him last week's salary."—*Megendorfer Blätter.*

LEGAL LOGIC

LAWYER (summing up his case): "And, gentlemen of the jury, as last and most conclusive proof that my client could not have committed this dreadful crime, I call your attention to the fact that the testimony has shown that never in the whole course of his life has he ever done anything."—*Megendorfer Blätter.*

CONVERSATIONAL

"What does *pourquoi* (why) mean?"

"Why?" "Because I want to know, you idiot!"—*Simplicissimus.*

A MIND-READER

ANXIOUS WIFE: "I think my husband's conscience is troubling him."

Her bosom friend: "What makes you think that, dear?"

Anxious wife: "Why, because he is pretending to be insanely jealous."—*Megendorfer Blätter.*

EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN

"MILLER's wife is very saving, isn't she?" "I should say so. She saves half of the house allowance every week for her divorce expenses."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

OH, THESE CHILDREN!

VISITOR: "Is your sister at home, Freddy?" Freddy: "Please ring for the maid. I don't know what she's been told to say."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

A PROPHET, ETC.

POETICAL SON: "Poets are born, not made, father."

Father (indignantly): "Go ahead and write all you want to, but don't think you can lay the blame on your mother and me."—*Jugend.*

THE CAPTAIN'S LOGIC

THE frequent repetition of spees which had occurred regularly in a crack German regiment was brought directly to the commanding general's notice.

Summoning one of the company officers, himself no mean tippler, the general read him a savage lecture.

The captain afterward assembled his company and delivered the following exhortation:

"Men! You've got inordinately drunk in bunches of late, and it's got to be stopped. In the first place, a soldier should not drink at all; in the second place, he ought to be able to carry his liquor like a gentleman. Since you evidently can't fulfill these requirements you will have to abstain. And anyway, when men of this regiment feel it incumbent on themselves to go off on a spree your commander will attend, too. Bear this warning in mind and disperse!"

MUTUAL SUSPICION

THE plumber was busy with some repairs in the dining-room, under the butler's supervision, when the lady of the mansion burst in upon them.

"John," said she to the butler, "I want you to go down about those plants I ordered, but before you go lock up the silver on the sideboard."

But the man of lead and iron, in no wise disconcerted, turned to his apprentice.

"Tom," said he, "take my watch and chain and these coppers home to my mistress at once. There seems to be dishonest people in this house."

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"Why, my dear little boy, what makes you cry? Do you want anything else?" asked his anxious mamma.

"Oh, I've got so many lovely things, and—boo-hoo—so many swords an' things, and—boo-hoo—there's nobody 'round to fight."—*Simplicissimus.*

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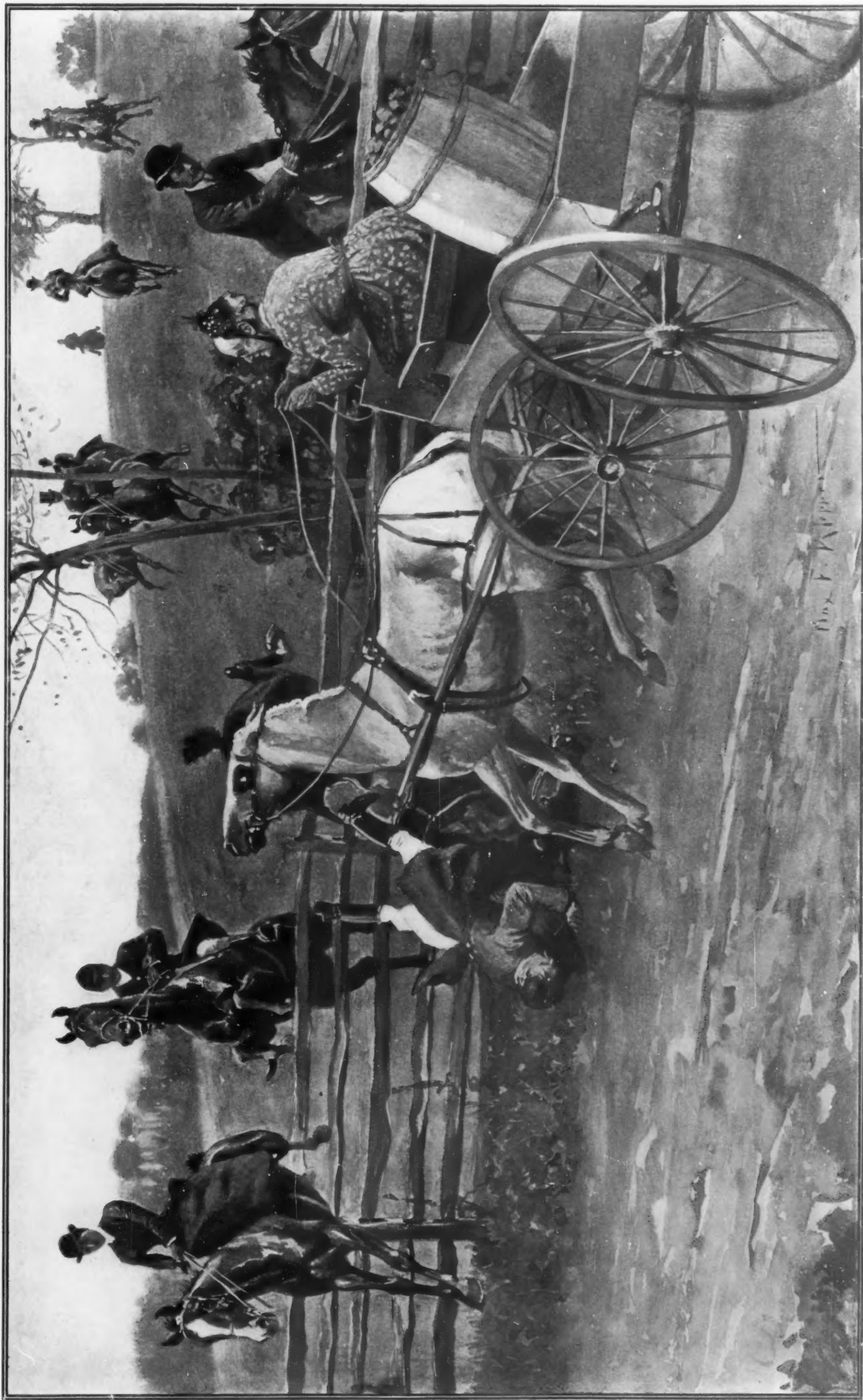
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SPORT TRAVEL ADVENTURE

Edited by Walter Clam p

GOLF

IN GOLF progress has been as marked as in other sports, especially in general improvement of the average player. W. J. Travis, the winner of the amateur championship, has been a dangerous man for several years, but this season he has so improved his game in all its essentials as to be not only the winner of this particular championship, but a player who, day in and day out, can demonstrate his fitness for that championship.

The woman's championship was of especial interest, the playing of Miss Beatrix Hoyt, as well as the schoolgirl, Margaret Curtis, being excellent, while the steadiness of Miss Griscom enabled her to win. There was a marked bettering of class among the women contestants, showing distinctly the general progress that the sport has made.

The interest which centered in the open championship at the Chicago Golf Club, in which most of our best professionals were entered, and where also the present champion of England, J. H. Taylor of the Mid Surrey Golf Club, met Harry Vardon of Ganton, who was second in the English championship, indicated something of the tremendous hold which the sport is securing in this country. Those who had carefully followed the records and the performance of the Englishmen since their arrival were not divided in the opinion that Vardon was the steeper man of the two, and that both would defeat any of our men when the final test came. This opinion was justified when the men came together, for Vardon won by two strokes, making a record of 313 of the 72 holes, Taylor getting 315. David Bell of the Midlothian Club took third place with 323, while Lawrence Auchterlonie of Glen View got fourth place, and Will Smith, the winner of last year's open championship, a member of the Midlothian Club, was next with 328. Low of Dyke Meadow followed with 331; Hutchinson of the Shinnecock 333, and Turpie of Edgewater 334.

C. P. McDonald was at the top of the very few amateurs who entered, but succeeded in doing no better than 355, which meant twenty-eighth. Hugo R. Johnston, another amateur, was next to him with 356.

The play was most interesting throughout both days, Vardon leading Taylor by one stroke in the 36 holes the first day, and adding another stroke on the second day.

The steady average of his play was remarkable, although his putting, like that of all the men, seemed inferior to the rest of his game. Taylor played his strongest, coming in on the last nine holes of the match, doing them in 36 to Vardon's 40, but he could not overtake the lead that Vardon had already secured.

One of the most interesting contests of the season was that at St. Andrews, which resulted in the final victory of John Reid, Jr. He and A. Dewitt Cochrane met in the finals, and it was anybody's match to the end. Reid had Cochrane five down to the end of the first nine holes; but in the next nine Cochrane played a remarkable game, ending the eighteenth hole one up, and at the same time equalling the record of 81, which stands as the amateur record of the links. Cochrane led during the afternoon, being two up, and being one up on the 27th hole. But Reid from that point on more than held his own, winning by one up. The total scores of the two men were: Reid 85 and 86, Cochrane 81 and 90, or a total of 171 apiece.

It is interesting to note in this connection, and as showing our progress in judging the probabilities in a match of this kind, that one writer in stating what men were the only possible men to press the Englishmen at all gave four names, and three of the men thus designated confirmed the prediction by filling the three places following the visitors.

It is a great pity that the amateur champion, Travis, did not enter this contest, as our golfing enthusiasts are always anxious to see what the standard set by the professional is when compared with that of the amateur ranks; and Travis, with the game he has perfected at the expense of infinite practice and pains, would have been watched with great interest in the open contest.

It is already very apparent from the progress of the season's play that the football games of 1900 will be of exceptional interest not alone to the ordinary spectator and the partisan collegian, but also to those who are interested in the future development of tactics as indicated in the important matches. In the first place, not only must the team of mediocre ability be reckoned with early in the season, but also later the big teams may expect to meet with difficulties from the teams in the next class, who are making every effort to improve their grade. When the second-class team was wont to pay little attention to developing the line of play especially adapted to their conditions, and simply proceeded to play an ordinary game, making use of all sorts of plays simply because they were possible in the regular course of the game, and not at all because of any special adaptability of the team to these plays, there was little danger of the second-class team ever making serious trouble for the first-class one, except on foolish errors or flukes by the superior eleven. Now, however, coaching has reached a point where the style of play or formation is selected because it is particularly adapted to the weight, speed and general make-up of the team, and that style of play is carried to a far greater degree of perfection than would be possible if the team followed the old practice of using anything that came handy, and imitating other teams no matter what the similarity in make-up might be. This development among the second-class teams has forced those in the first grade to still better organization, but their progress in the last three or four years has not been comparable with the progress of the smaller teams. The warning of this condition of affairs has been coming to the big teams more and more forcibly in the last few years, and this season bids fair to find the big teams putting in shape special efforts toward a well-perfected, all-round system of play, in which both the kicking and running games will be well taken care of, but in which every effort will be made to adapt the play to the condition of the teams. In a school team it is possible to make use of an unusually well developed strapping fellow in the line not only to defend his position, but to interfere for everybody else, and to run with the ball himself. Instances are frequently found on school teams where a man is sufficiently superior to the opponents to make it safe for him to take these liberties and still be secure on defensive play. In the big teams this seldom happens, for if a game is based upon the unusual strength of a single member it is often the case that the defensive play of that aggressive man is sacrificed to the offense, and while he will do considerable damage to the opponents, the opponents reap some benefit from the exhaustion which comes to that man from his overwork. The desire and purpose then of the coaches of the big teams is to develop plays where they can make use of their stars, but not at the expense of defensive play. In order to make this certain, formations of various kinds have been devised, and the coach or captain who wishes final success not only in his ordinary games, but in his main contests, must make these formations in such a way as not to put too great a burden on any one man, but to so utilize all the team that its general strength may be conserved both on offense and defense.

This Pennsylvania is doing, and if they succeed in developing their kicking game to the extent that they have brought up their running game, they will stand a far better chance with Harvard than the games of the last two years have indicated. Harvard, while following similar tactics, is playing a far more open game, and her runs, especially those out toward the end, promise to be more brilliant and more entertaining to the spectator.

Princeton is developing the long interference for an end run which was so successful with her last year, and which utilized all the men in an especially marked degree, at the same time giving an opportunity for a fast and brilliant man to break loose at the end, after the interference has helped him to pass the critical point and develop a long run.

Yale is moving along the lines adopted toward the end of last season, and offering, under Captain Brown, a far more energetic offense. Up to this point her individual players, outside of Sharpe, are none of them remarkable in the brilliancy of their runs, but promise to be steady and fairly consistent, and the general team work is becoming apparent.

Columbia has some remarkably brilliant players, especially in the back field, and with these Sanford is endeavoring to develop such interference and such defense as shall make them dangerous to almost any of the crack teams.

Cornell, with a record of a bad falling off toward the end of the season last year, is carrying her team along more slowly, with the idea of instilling into it better endurance, and a more slowly developed system.

All these things promise most interesting conditions when the larger teams meet, and by the 1st of November almost any of the games in which the big teams are engaged will promise an afternoon's treat to any one interested in the sport.



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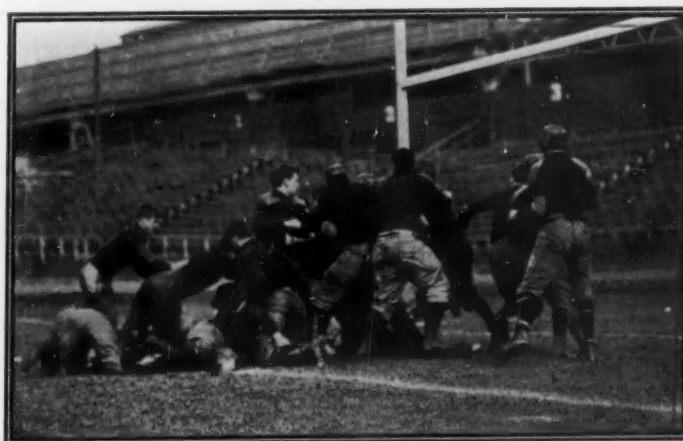
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UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PLAYERS SCORING THEIR FIRST TOUCHDOWN OF THE SEASON

PENNSYLVANIA VS. LEHIGH

The most interesting match of the opening of the football season was that one played at Philadelphia between the University of Pennsylvania and Lehigh. Certain features in the training and coaching of the last two years make it imperative that Pennsylvania should improve her form this season, and hence it was that this initial game was looked forward to with especial attention. The match itself was quite characteristic of the tendency which has been betrayed by Pennsylvania teams for the last year or two toward erratic playing—upon occasions brilliant, but falling from heights of remarkable playing to the depths of fumbling and carelessness.

Last year Pennsylvania defeated Lehigh 20 to 0. This year Pennsylvania made 27 points, but Lehigh scored a touchdown and goal. It is hard on any one of the big teams when a smaller team scores on them in the early part of the season. It was doubly hard on Pennsylvania that when she played a fast and aggressive game a fumble by one of her own men should give an opportunity for the opponents to score before the game was half over and take away all possibilities of a clean record this season. The play itself was not an unusual one, but it was not protected from behind in any way, and the fumble, therefore, became serious. The play had been continuing about ten minutes when a kick by Gardiner had been blocked and Pennsylvania secured the ball on her own twenty-five-yard line. Here signal was given for Hare to go through left tackle, which he accomplished successfully for a gain of some five yards. Then the signal was given for Davidson, who was playing left end, for a run through the line. In attempting this he fumbled the ball, and Dorwin, Lehigh's right end, jumped in, seized the ball and ran the necessary distance for a touchdown. Davidson attempted to catch him, but the Lehigh man was too fast for him.

Captain Gerhart of Lehigh easily converted the touchdown into a goal.

Apart from this and one or two other fumbles Pennsylvania's playing was good, and marked by constant ground gaining. The kicking game was not so well carried on, Gardiner's punting being a little slow and his kicks rather short.

Captain Hare was not especially successful in goal kicking, but the line men, as far as line work was concerned, were excellent, Wallace and Hare being especially strong. Zimmerman also did well. Substitutes were tried. McCloskey and Horner, both candidates for position at centre, left not a great deal to choose between them. Woodley and Graves were both tried at quarter, but Graves should be played where his kicking can be utilized. McCracken, as usual, did some good ground gaining, and demonstrated his value behind the line.

The football season, which opened under especially attractive auspices, has reached a stage where the chaff is being rapidly winnowed from the wheat in the selection of material, and one can gather some idea of the promise at the various universities.

At the University of Pennsylvania the greatest amount of attention is being devoted to developing a better kicking game. But for all that the guards' back is not being lost sight of, and the plunging gains of such men as Hare, Teas and McCracken will not be missed by those who watch the Philadelphia team this season.

Woodruff is utilizing every man on the eleven, and is even going so far as to let every man have a try at running with the ball. Whether this will be continued up to the time of his big match with Harvard, or whether it will narrow itself down to the survival of those men who run best, is a problem not yet solved. At any rate, every man who is likely to play on the team will know how to run with the ball, even though he be the end runner.

At Cambridge the selection of material has delayed the development of team work somewhat, but within the last few days this has come on more rapidly. Back of the line Harvard is sure to be strong, and the style of play will be varied; that is, there will be the heavy line plunger, of which Ellis is the type, as well as the around-the-end work of such men as Sawin at his best. There is much trouble found in getting a satisfactory line established from tackle to

tackle, and here it is that the greatest amount of work is being performed in developing strength without the sacrifice of agility.

At New Haven the material is heavy both for the line and behind it. The organization at present is slow, and there is some belief that it is over heavy. A great deal of work is being spent upon the ends, a position which has been filled but weakly for several seasons at New Haven. Behind the line Sharpe is running well, but his kicking does not yet get the distance of his best of last season. Hale in his short trial at full back has been doing very well.

The team promises to have more effective offence than last year or the year before, and that portion of the work which Yale in past seasons apparently neglected or forgot has been taken up with vigor, and some effects may be looked for.

At Ithaca, Coach Haughton has found the long-continued summer weather a decided drawback to the development of his men, as they lost their snap and dash quickly, and this made progress difficult. Recently, however, the weather has favored him, and he has been able to bring the men along with fair promise. The team as a whole does not impress one as being nearly as effective as Cornell was in mid-season last year, but the development promises a far better continuance, and better results in the final games at the end of the season.

At Princeton the material, as far as kicking—both punts and drop kicks—is concerned, is especially strong. There can be no doubt that the New Jersey institution is better supplied in this respect than any other university in the country. Their greatest difficulty there is to replace some of the veterans lost in the line. Toward this end much new material is being tried, and with fair promise. The play thus far has been rather erratic, the brilliant alternating with the mediocre, and some critics are inclined to place the difficulty at quarter, where Duncan was looked upon as the incumbent, but who may be pushed by Meier, the baseball shortstop.

The seventy-footers have succeeded in developing a most decided sensation thus late in the season. It will be remembered that *Rainbow*, belonging to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, was remarkably successful during the latter part of the season in winning prizes, among them the Lipton Cup. Mr. Herbert D. Duryea and Mr. Harry Paine Whitney, owners and sailors of *Yankee*, are said to have been a good deal puzzled by the work of *Rainbow* as sailed by Captain Parker, who was Mr. Vanderbilt's English skipper. After the racing season was over, such conclusive evidence was brought to Mr. Duryea of changes in the ballast of Mr. Vanderbilt's boat as to lead him to address a letter to Mr. Vanderbilt regarding Captain Parker's change of trim of *Rainbow* by putting in ballast after the official measurement, in violation of the rules.

Mr. Vanderbilt replied at once by a frank, manly letter, from which it was evident that he was innocent of intentional violation of the rules, and relinquishing all the prizes, where the matter at present rests.

On March 30, at the Queen's Club Grounds, London, on an excellent track, with fairly good weather but rather cool, Oxford defeated Cambridge by winning six out of ten events. In the 100 yards, Hollins, who ran for Oxford in the quarter

of the Internationals, came home level with Thomas, the Oxford sprinter, in 10 1/4 seconds.

Graham of Cambridge had no trouble in winning the half mile, making it in 1 minute 3 3/5 seconds. Greenshields of Oxford won the hammer with a short throw of 115 feet 2 inches. Kelly of Oxford cleared 21 feet 8 inches in the broad jump. Paget-Tomlinson of Cambridge, whom Fox of Harvard beat in the Internationals, cleared the hurdles in 16 1/5 seconds.

Cockshott of Cambridge ran a fair mile in 4 minutes 28 3/5 seconds. Hollins of Oxford again appeared in the quarter, coming to the front in 50 3/5 seconds. Henderson of Oxford won the high jump, although he only got over 5 feet 7 1/2 inches. May of Oxford put the shot 36 feet 8 inches. Workman of Cambridge, who won the deciding event in the Internationals against Palmer of Yale a year ago, covered the three miles in 15 minutes 1 2/5 seconds.



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CENTRE



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LEFT HALF-BACK



TOWNSEND
RIGHT END SUB.



HODGE
LEFT END



GARDINER
RIGHT HALF-BACK

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On the following day Cambridge took revenge by winning the boat race as they pleased. The weather was good and the crowd enormous. Oxford won the toss, taking the Surrey station. The two boats went to the line just before two o'clock, after ten or fifteen minutes' paddling up to their positions. Cambridge at once went to the front, rowing 21 in the first half minute. At Crab Tree Cambridge was leading by fourteen seconds. At the Saccharine Works Cambridge had six lengths the best of it, but at Hammersmith Bridge Oxford had pulled up a length on them. Cambridge was rowing at the rate of 35 and Oxford 34. Oxford made a strong effort to reduce the Cambridge lead just before entering the second mile, and got it down to four lengths, but at Chiswick Cambridge had pulled out again, and the race was practically over. At three miles, Thornycroft's, Cambridge had ten lengths of clear water, and Oxford was showing signs of dissolution. A half mile from the finish Oxford seemed lost, but Cambridge eased off and took the other half mile almost paddling, crossing the line in 18 minutes and 47 seconds, equalling the record, while Oxford came in badly off, nearly twenty lengths behind.

Prediction that the interest in the race would suffer on account of the war was wholly unfilled, for at the universities and by the public there was as great interest displayed as ever. It is true, however, that the men who filled the boats might have been different under other conditions. Chapman having resigned the bow oar in the Cambridge boat to go to South Africa. President Goldie, who sat in the last two Cambridge boats, and who is president of the club, was forbidden by his physician to row this year. Dudley-Ward was his successor. Muttiebury is generally responsible for the coaching this year of the Cambridge crew, and his work has been first-class.

Cambridge had five of last year's blues in the boat. Oxford had but two, Tompkinson and Johnston. Fletcher, their excellent coach, was obliged to leave to go to the front with the Imperial Yeomanry. Then a series of misfortunes fell upon Oxford: Hale, one of the best men in last year's boat, being obliged to give up the training under the advice of his physician, while Warre, the president of the club, and one of the best oars, was taken ill with scarletina. Finally, even after the crew got up to London, and it was thought that their misfortunes were over, Thoruhill, at 7, was taken ill, necessitating the moving of Etherington-Smith from bow and putting in of Dutton. Dutton followed with an illness within two days, and that place was filled by Gold until Dutton was able to take it again.

It is generally believed that in spite of all these misfortunes it would still have been a serious question whether Oxford could have won with two such enormously heavy men in the waist of the boat as Lord Grimston and Kittermaster.

The crews were made up as follows: Cambridge—Cockerell, bow; 2, Adie; 3, Brooke; 4, Payne; 5, R. B. Etherington-Smith; 6, Sanderson; 7, Dudley-Ward; Gibbon, stroke, and Lloyd, coxswain.

Oxford—Dutton, bow; 2, Culme-Seymour; 3, Johnston; 4, Tompkinson; 5, Lord Grimston; 6, Kittermaster; 7, T. B. Etherington-Smith; Rowley, stroke, and MacLagan, coxswain.

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YACHTING IN 1900

FOR racing and cruising, the yachting season of 1900 may be recorded as a success. The sport began early and continued quite as late as usual, some of the September events being among the most interesting sailed during the season.

Of all the yachts built this year, those of the 70 foot class created the most interest, and held it from start to finish. The fact that they were constructed by Herreshoff from one design, which resembled in many points the last cup defender—*Columbia*—was sufficient to command the attention of the public.

Additional zest was added to the races by the fact that they developed into contests between the British professional skipper and the American amateur. *Yankee*, owned by Harry Payne Whitney and Herman Duryea and sailed by the latter, and *Virginia*, owned and often sailed by William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., were pitted against August Belmont's *Mincola*, sailed by Captain Wringe, and Cornelius Vanderbilt's *Rainbow*, handled by Captain Parker, both of these being professional racing skippers from England.

"YANKEE'S" GOOD WORK

Being put in racing trim first, *Mincola* won many of the early races. *Yankee* did some excellent work later on, and during the cruise of the New York Yacht Club in August, *Rainbow* began to show her speed. The best racing, however, was seen off Newport when all four yachts came together in a series—for a \$1,000 cup—which covered all conditions of weather. It was in these that *Yankee* did her best work, winning the series, with *Rainbow* second, and *Mincola* third.

The Regatta Committee of the Newport Yacht Racing Association decided, on September 15, that *Yankee* won the race of August 22, when the memorable foul occurred between that yacht and August Belmont's *Mincola*. The latter was disqualified. A review of the evidence brought out by the protests shows the decision to be not only a fair one, but a valuable precedent for the government of future races.

Yankee won the \$500 Postley cup against *Rainbow* and *Mincola* at Larchmont on September 8.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S PRIZES

In a letter dated October 5, Cornelius Vanderbilt startled the yachting world by refusing to accept any of the big prizes won by *Rainbow*. He declared in a very sportsmanlike way that, owing to a misunderstanding of the racing rules, he had caused ballast to be taken in at various times to increase the yacht's water-line length. Learning recently that he should have notified the club committees, he declines to accept any of the prizes. According to a statement made the following day by Herman Duryea of *Yankee*, Mr. Vanderbilt knew nothing of the shifting of ballast. It was done secretly, Mr. Duryea says, by Captain Parker, who failed to notify Mr. Vanderbilt of his action.

While there is a sort of tacit understanding among yachtsmen that a challenge for 1901 for the America's Cup will soon be received from Sir Thomas Lipton, whose yacht *Shamrock* was defeated in 1899, it is not altogether certain that he will be the challenger. He has declared his willingness to retire in favor of another challenger and to place his *Shamrock*—for the trial races—at the disposal of any yachtsman who builds to race for the Cup.

A CUP RACE IN 1901

Anticipating a challenge, and a race next year for the Cup, it is understood that the Herreshoffs have the plans all prepared for a new cup defender—one that is sure to defeat *Columbia*; not by a large margin perhaps, for it seems as if the speed limit must soon be reached in 90-foot sloops, but by enough to still set a hot pace for the new challenger.

Profiting by past experience, Sir Thomas Lipton, it is said, has intrusted the designing of his new yacht, *Shamrock II*, to George L. Watson, whose experience in the construction of large yachts has placed him well in the front rank.

In the 51-foot class it is interesting to note that *Shark's* best time for twenty-five nautical miles was 3h. 16m. 43s.; *Altair's*, 3h. 16m. 41s.—a difference of only two seconds in the latter's favor, the rate per hour being slightly better than seven and one-half knots.

SMALL CLASS CHALLENGED

Mr. Lorne Campbell Currie, the challenger, for 1901, for the Seawanhaka-Corinthian International Challenge Cup, is said to be as a designer and helmsman the most skillful yachtsman in Great Britain in the small classes. He is a member of four French and of six English yacht clubs. He owns the steam yacht *Cairngorm* and the cutter *Rebelle III*, *Skeandhu* and *Scotia*. The Island Sailing Club of West Cowes, Isle of Wight, backs his challenge. The present holder of the cup—the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club—received challenges also from the White Bear Yacht Club of Minneapolis and from the Bridgeport Yacht Club. These two generously waived their rights in favor of the English club.

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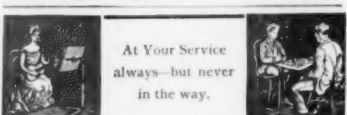
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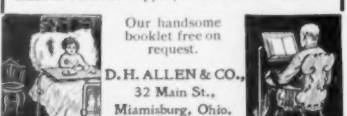
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Boss: "Well, I want you to report at the office at half-past eleven. But anyway the bells ring at noon and you can come half an hour before."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

DUMAS' KINDNESS

THE late Alexandre Dumas was a man of kindly sympathies, but how far his kindness could go was known to but few during his lifetime. In one instance he even went so far as to alter the ending of a novel which was then appearing in serial form in one of the magazines. Shortly before its conclusion he received a note from a gentleman residing in the country. The writer begged him not to kill his heroine, a consumptive, as the plot of the story seemed to indicate, because his invalid laughter, who had taken a great interest in the story, imagined that she would share the heroine's fate. Dumas rewrote the final chapter, and predicted an unexpected cure for his heroine, although he had originally intended to close the novel with her tragic death.

FORCE OF HABIT

BEGGAR: "Please give me something, doctor; I'm a poor man with four children."
Doctor: "H'm: Let me see your tongue, please."

THE ROLE OF THE BUTTON

THE world of the West has failed to appreciate the button. Its utility is undoubted, and as an advertising medium it has proven useful, but except in isolated cases it has not been accorded the same importance as in China, where it is one of the chief decorations. The mandarins all wear one on their caps as insignia of rank, each of the nine classes possessing a distinctive model, ranging in value according to its wearer's rank. Red coral heads the list, then a sapphire blue button; a peculiar opaque purple stone follows. The fourth, a light blue button, is awarded military field officers; crystal buttons designate a subaltern; then come the jadestone button, an embossed gold button, a brass one, and, lastly, a thin silver one. The first is reserved for members of the imperial family, the second for distinguished foreigners. One instance only is known where the coral was bestowed upon a foreigner. This happened in the case of an Englishman, Sir Robert Hart, Inspector-General of Maritime Customs.

LOGIC

LITTLE CHARLIE (at supper): "Grandma, do your glasses make things look bigger?"
Grandma: "Yes, dearie. Why?"
Charlie: "Oh! I only thought if they did maybe you'd take 'em off while you're cutting the cake."—*Polichinelle.*

WALDERSEE'S "WAR HOUSE"

NO OFFICER has ever been as comfortably lodged during a campaign of actual warfare as is the present Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Troops, Count von Waldersee. His dwelling (for it is no mere tent) is unique both on account of its size, and the novel material employed in the construction. With its white walls and green blinds, this portable villa, some forty feet deep, and sixteen feet high, resembles a country-house rather than the headquarters of an army chief. It is made of wood, with a double covering of asbestos, separated by a superposed couch of compressed air, roofed with fireproof slate. This building, consisting of an orderly's office, the general's study, bed and bathroom, and the adjutant's quarters, is constructed in sections so accurately fitted and numbered that the entire house can be mounted in eight, or unmounted in two hours. Despite its apparent lack of solidity, it is constructed with a view to resisting the strongest winds, and being impervious to atmospheric changes, such as heat or rain, it is peculiarly adapted to the needs of the present campaign.

THE MAD KING OF BAVARIA

THAT unfortunate scion of the Royal House of Bavaria, King Otto, was afflicted from his earliest hours with that terrible malady which has proven the curse of his family, and of which his predecessor revealed unmistakable symptoms before his demise. Otto's mania proved from the outset of a far more dangerous nature, since he was subject to attacks of violence which endangered the lives of all who came within his reach. These were succeeded by intervals of extreme despondency which in turn yielded to a harmless placidity. At one such period an incident occurred which would be ridiculous were it not for the pathetic attendant upon every act of so sad a life. The king drove out one afternoon with his physician, who was also his preferred attendant at such times, revealing no signs of his disorder save the inevitable tendency to drop his lower jaw. A sudden shower coming up, drenched both occupants of the carriage and trickled down the royal throat to the king's great annoyance.

"Will your majesty be pleased to close his mouth," observed the doctor, noting his patient's uneasiness.

The king did as he was bidden, and at the same instant the rain ceased.

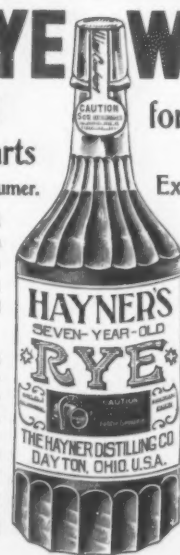
"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that stopped it."

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